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AND

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LIFE OF LORD LONDONDERRY.

We have seen and heard so little of the Marlborough-street press of late, that we began to fancy it had retired from business, or fallen into a lethargy; and are accordingly glad to see that it is not only alive, but can demonstrate its revival by the issue of the *Lordly* publication of which it is now our duty to give an account.

A preface then informs us that these two volumes are a moiety of four, to be exclusively occupied with Irish affairs; and they actually relate to the years 1798-9, in which the rebellion, the French invasion, and the preliminary preparing and canvassing for the Union, took place. At this rate it is not easy to foresee to what extent the work may run; but considering the long course of more than twenty after years, during which the noble lord took so prominent a part in the most important affairs, including the downfall of Buonaparte and the reorganization of Europe, it is likely that a dozen or more volumes, or 6000 pages, may be required for the due illumination of the period and his share in its transactions.

Lord Castlereagh (then the Hon. Robert Stewart) succeeded Mr. Pelham, afterwards Lord Chichester, as chief secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and being the official organ of his and the government acts, thus became peculiarly obnoxious to the rebels of '98 and the opponents of the Union. To this source may undoubtedly be traced much of the scurrilous abuse and bitter hatred which stuck to him to the end of his life, and disgracefully survived the tragic circumstances of his melancholy death.

That the fraternal editor takes too favourable a view of his character we are not prepared to allege. Political opposition so blackened it, that any whitening is apt to appear like partiality; and yet history must do justice to many high and estimable qualities in the statesman, whose acts his enemies compared

To a murderer's knife newly dipt in sweet oil.

His manly and noble bearing was very impressive, and the affable polish of his manners exceedingly winning. He was brave, consistent, energetic, and leaving the blame of the sanguinary deeds of the

Enlarged 146.1

"His speeches, always distinguished by strong sense, unfinishing energy, and lofty feeling, were generally full of matter, and often abounded with vigorous and conclusive arguments; but they wanted the charm of a poetic fancy, they were destitute of the force of condensed expression, and seldom rose to the height of impassioned oratory. Hence his influence in the House as a debater was inconsiderable; and, though he long held important situations, and commanded, from his qualities as a statesman, the respect even of his enemies, he owed less than any minister of the day to the power of eloquence."

On another assumption of the noble editor, we cannot even go so far in the way of agreement. He paints his brother as a Mæcenas.

"Lord Castlereagh (he writes) was a munificent patron of literary talent, and particularly of that of his own country. The collection of Irish Melodies, made by the able Mr. Bunting, of Belfast, from the ancient bards of Ireland, was undertaken at his suggestion; and the translations from Carolan were moulded into their present shape by his masterly hand."

[It is not meant by Lord Castlereagh's hand, but by the hand of Mr. Bunting.]

"Lord Castlereagh was the means of establishing in Dublin a 'Gaelic Society,' the object of which was to encourage writers in the ancient Erse, and translations from scarce works in verse and prose. This Society went on well for some time; and a volume of their proceedings was printed, highly creditable to all who had contributed towards it. Theophilus O'Hannegan was the Secretary, a man who was quite a genius, and a scholar of unrivalled attainments, but who possessed not an atom of discretion. The removal of Lord Castlereagh to England withdrew his attention from this local institution, and it was, in consequence, discontinued. The last service he rendered it was releasing poor O'Hannegan from the Sheriff's, where he was confined for a considerable debt."

And is this all that can be urged to justify the distinction of a "*munificent patron of literary talent*" in a minister so long possessed of the power to benefit and exalt it? The Wren has been ludicrously said to be a liberal contributor, by its droppings, to the waters of the ocean; "everything helps, as the Kitty Wren said, when," &c. &c. And so might be said of this petty dribbling towards the encouragement of literature and literary talent. The fact is, that very few of our great statesmen have had any feeling or vocation for the office within the last hundred years.

and more. They have not been aware how much they could do for themselves in their own time, and to the end of posterity, by doing something in this line, in which very little goes a great way, and liberal patronage procures them invaluable present support and a future immortality. But, as we have observed, our great men and politicians have generally been blind to this, and the best of them have done far too little. The mighty William Pitt, the immortal Wellington, and many others, below them in station, but still possessing influence enough to distinguish themselves had their minds been so attuned, never showed any love of letters or literary men. On the contrary, there was often exhibited a jealousy and dislike of those who raised themselves to eminence by their genius : cordial encouragement there was none. Lord Castlereagh has no right to the little bestowed upon him ; and the proof in support of it only betrays the miserable notions entertained by his biographer, though himself an author, and desirous of literary reputation, of what is due to the class in which he aims to be considered One.*

The proof of Lord Castlereagh being a generous man is also supported so very lamely, that we are sure it might have been far more strongly established; and if not, that the writer ought to have rested content with the general statement. It runs thus:—

"Upon a certain occasion, as Lord Castlereagh was passing slowly and thoughtfully from an interview with his Majesty (George IV.) at Carlton House, to his own residence, in St. James's Square, he was met by an Irish labourer, who, with his hod reversed, seemed as if prepared to attend the funeral of his own hopes. 'Long life to your honour!' said Pat, in a peculiarly melancholy tone. Lord C. raised his eye. Pat took off his apology for a hat, made his bow, and repeated, 'Musha, then, long life to your Honour's Lordship!'

"There was something singular in the man's appearance and address; and Lord Castlereagh, half-hesitating, half-advancing, fixed his eyes upon him with a kindliness of look, which induced Pat to go on: 'God be with the days, your Honour, when you used to be fishing in the Lough!'—'What Lough, my good fellow?'—'Lough Foyle, to be sure, your Honour!'—'Why, were you ever there?'—'May be I wasn't, please your Honour, when I used to help to push your Honour's boat off, and when—may God for ever bless you for it!—wostat (once) when I tumbled in, neck and crop, you pulled me out by the nape of the neck. Oeh! faith, I remember it; added the poor fellow, with a smile; 'and if it hadn't been for your Honour's Lordship, I'd have been as dead as a herring, sure enough!'—'Ay, well, what's your name?'—'Bill Brady, to be sure.'—'Oh, I remember something about you; but what brought you here?'—'Ceh, like many others, I came to seek my fortune,

* If we look back from the beginning of this century to our Premiers, we shall be convinced of the prevailing minority of the friends of literature and its professors. Mr. Fox's name is unconnected with any mark of encouragement to either. Lord Liverpool did nothing to show his estimation of Mr. Percival was in this respect a mere lawyer. Mr. Canning had the true feeling, but was too short a while in office to be able to exercise it for the benefit of his beloved country. Lord Ripon had also a general inclination in the right direction, but it displayed little strength, and his day of rule was too short. Lord Grey has left no memorial of his appreciation. Lord Melbourne, with fine literary tastes, did not shine forth as the warm friend of his country's poets. Sir Robert Peel, the first of the fine arts, and some science, more than the pursuits of literature. And Lord John Russell, himself an author, has only had it in his power to deal scantily with the patronage at his command. This may be attributed to the niggard provision, by the greatest and richest nation on the face of the earth; and we are gratified to acknowledge that his lordship has dealt as fairly and fully as he could with the means at his disposal.

but the devil a much luck, I have had yet."—Are you in employment?—"No, faith, I am not; but I'm promised a job next Monday, please God."—Well, Bill, I am always glad to see my old acquaintance, and here is something to drink success to olden times," handing poor Pat a couple of sovereigns. Lord Castlereagh then hastened on; while Pat kept his hand open, alternately looking at the sovereigns and at the donor; the tear of gratitude at length trickled down his lime-coloured cheek, and, after a moment taken to suppress the swelling of his surcharged heart, he shouldered his hod, and in a sort of ecstasy exclaimed, as he turned away, "Well, you're the old thing, after all!"

"Such was the man who has been by his enemies accused of a cold, calculating heart, and want of sympathy for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures! Many more incidents of a like character with the above might be recorded."

And what then? We gave a penny the other day to a poor beggar woman, with sickly twins, whom, to the best of our knowledge, we never set eyes on before!

Respecting the sad death of this noble individual—noble, indeed, in many respects, and in spite of these poor attempts to represent him as noble in others which did not pertain to his nature, the following particulars must be perused with much of interest and sorrow:—

"The report that Lord Londonderry's death had been caused in some measure by gout is not, I think, altogether unfounded. During the last fortnight or three weeks of the session of Parliament immediately preceding his decease, he laboured under attacks of this complaint. When he felt the first symptoms of it, he greatly apprehended that, if it were not speedily repressed, the disease might so increase as to prevent his attendance in the House of Commons, thereby causing a delay of public business, a still further protraction of the Session, with consequent inconvenience to his Majesty in visiting Scotland, and to himself in attending Congress. In order to prevent these disagreeable results, Lord Castlereagh's physician prescribed some medicines for him, with the view of lowering his system, and thus keeping down the violence of the complaint. The medicines thus prescribed had the intended effect in one particular; but, in reducing his bodily habit, they unfortunately also brought on a depression of spirits, to the influence of which an overloaded and perplexed mind but too readily yielded. In this manner, a nervous fever was induced, which the excitement produced by the protraction of Parliament for the moment counteracted; but, when that had subsided, the lowness rapidly increased, and on the Friday before his death had made considerable inroads on physical and mental powers, which naturally were of great strength. So much was Lord Londonderry's frame shaken on that day, that the official documents which he wrote and subscribed while in town were scarcely legible to those who for years had been daily accustomed to his handwriting. The characters in these despatches were straggling, and evidently traced by a tremulous, enfeebled hand, which made the manuscripts appear to be those of a decrepit, worn-out old man, whereas Lord Londonderry's writing was usually remarkable for its neatness."

* The following is much more to the purpose:—

"Of the protection which he afforded to all who served under him, the following instance will give a just notion. During the whole period that our paper money was depreciated below gold, our consuls and other representatives in foreign countries were paid no more by the Treasury than their nominal salaries, allowances, &c., in the paper money of the day. In having those sums remitted to them, the rate of exchange was so much against this country, that they were frequently great losers, receiving in specie only a portion of their just emolument. Lord Londonderry often remonstrated with the Treasury upon the hardship of the case, but was always met by this argument, that, if compensation were allowed for those losses, it would be an admission that the Bank of England notes were depreciated, in contradiction to the official declaration of Ministers. The Treasury also warned the auditor of public accounts against such claims, and, in short, effectually resisted them, so far as it was possible. His Lordship, however, was determined that his official agents should not suffer, and accordingly made good their deficiencies in many cases of hardship."

The biography might here have been brought to a close; but Lord Londonderry has thought fit to reproduce the character of his relative, as depicted by Lord Brougham, in his "Historical Sketches of the Statesmen of the Reign of George the Third," (1839), and his Letter to the unfriendly and biting author of that portrait. This letter occupies some forty-five pages of the volume; and is so truly the essence of Lord Castlereagh's life and public career, that, with about as much in addition, it might pretty well have superseded the voluminous publication, in the gateway of which we are now standing. But it is the fault of the present time to make so much of a good thing, that it becomes a bad one: a gratification is converted into a bore by the Dogberries, who are led to bestow all their tediousness upon the public.

And this is analogous to the work before us. The genuine materials for great historical value are lost, "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried;" and the sum and substance is made up and enlarged by odds and ends. We discover very few variations from well-known circumstances, and as few additions to national information. The story of this impoverished condition is candidly told by the noble Marquis:—

"In regard to the Biography of my lamented Brother, including a connected narrative of his public transactions, which is comprehended in the plan of this collection, I did hope that my task might be reduced to little more than a discreet and judicious selection from such materials and documents as were in my possession; but a wholly unforeseen accident has deprived me of that intimate fraternal correspondence for twenty-five successive years, which would have formed the most important part of any work I could have offered to the public. On returning from my Embassy to Vienna, many years since, I placed this collection in the hands of the Rev. S. Turner, who was at that time nominated and going out as Bishop of Calcutta. This excellent and invaluable divine and friend had been tutor to my son, Castlereagh; and, feeling a deep interest in the family, he had undertaken to arrange these Papers, and to commence the Life of the late Marquess of Londonderry, aided by various other documents and information which he had collected. The vessel, however, that sailed for India with Mr. Turner's baggage, effects, papers, &c., was unfortunately wrecked; and thus ended all my hopes, at that period, of leaving for posterity such a record of the Statesman and the Brother as I felt that he deserved."

The logical inference is, that he has here produced a record unworthy to be accepted as a faithful and fitting execution of the task he has undertaken; and, in plain truth, it is far behind the importance of the subject; and dry, minute details, of no consequence whatever, occupy the place of what (but for the accident referred to) might have been of high public interest. During the rebellion, the reports of movements here and there, the information received from spies and agents, often trivial and mere guesses, the representations of officers, and orders thereupon; and, in short, all the small matters which might turn out to be unfounded, or were not acted on, or were in themselves worth nothing, contribute to swell out the bulk, which a tolerable digest and judicious selection would have reduced to one-third of the complement, and been as attractive to the reader as this is heavy and tiresome. Before offering a very few remarks, we must quote an opinion upon his countrymen by the noble Editor, which we fancy they will not be prone to acknowledge with gratitude. It relates to the '98, but may be transferred to the 1848:—

"Though the prime conductors of the conspiracy were in prison, the inferior agents ventured to proceed to the execution of the design. Baffled at the metropolis, the attempts of their hands, provided with scarcely any arms but clumsy pikes, were chiefly confined to small country towns. Till the middle of July, civil war, in its most hideous form, ravaged some of the western counties, particularly Wicklow and Wexford. The sanguinary scenes enacted there, not by rebels only, but by the King's forces also, were most disgraceful to both parties; but what to me appears

to be particularly striking in the atrocities recorded by historians is the detestable ingratitude which appears so frequently in the conduct of the lower Irish, as almost to make one doubt whether attachment or kindly feeling for benefits received find any place in the national character."

We pass on to an anecdote which is new to us. Lord Londonderry says:—

"M'Mahon, Member of the Executive Committee, a Presbyterian parson from the County of Down, forced to emigrate in June last, came over to London, where he met with Quigley, who was likewise obliged to leave Ireland. They stayed together in London, imitating the Patriots in the mode of forming Societies after the plan of United Irish. They had heard of the expedition at the Texel being intended for Ireland, and it was agreed on that an insurrection should be attempted in London, as soon as the landing was effected in Ireland. Colonel Despard was to be the leading person, and the King and Council were to be put to death, &c. Their force was estimated at 40,000, ready to turn out."

And he adds in a note,—

"In the evidence produced at the trial of Despard, there was nothing, I believe, tending to implicate him in the treasonable designs of the United Irishmen: from the above account, however, he appears to have been one of the most sanguinary of that not over-scrupulous association. After it was dissolved, Despard conceived one of the wildest and most extravagant designs that ever entered the sanguine imagination even of an Irishman. Without money, without arms, without force—for it appeared that not more than fifty or sixty individuals, consisting of private soldiers, artisans of the lowest class, and day-labourers, were engaged in his conspiracy,—he aimed at nothing less than the murder of the King, and the overthrow of the Government."

The grand concern, the Union, is now brought on the tapis; and Lord Londonderry does justice to the indefatigable services and great merits of Mr. Cooke, whose position in Downing-street during later years of difficulty and labour, only led to his higher estimation by every one who knew him on public business, or in the private life, which his devotedness to public business permitted him to taste. We rejoice in an opportunity to bear our testimony, and on no light grounds, to the truth of the eulogy bestowed by the writer. In December, 1798, one of his (Mr. Cooke's) letters, names a gentleman as generally known as any man engaged in literary concerns could possibly be at that date, and who afterwards rose to be High Sheriff of an English county; and yet, respecting whom Lord Londonderry either superficially or aristocratically pretends to be ignorant. The letter says—

"I am sorry to say our situation does not mend. We hear of trees being cut in Tipperary and Wexford; and I hear that in Down and Antrim there are bad symptoms. Robberies, murders, and burnings continue; last night the sentries on the bridges were fired at."

"This day Sirr took up a man of the name of Farrell, who went down with Dobbs into the County of Wicklow. He had a dagger with him, and a large bundle of papers, similar to the enclosed."

"Dr. Drennan is writing, and he transmits his papers to be published by Stewart, in London. It is either Daniel Stewart who acts as a soliciting lawyer in England, and is concerned in a London newspaper, or one of the Belfast Stewarts."

On which the noble editor notes, "In the Courier, of which he was editor, I believe."

A letter from the tough old Dr. Duigenan to Lord Castlereagh, at this time, is so characteristic, that we separate it from the mass:—

"My Lord,—You have been, before you will receive this letter, informed that the corporation of the City of Dublin has decided against a union of the two kingdoms, and published its resolutions in no very temperate terms. An assembly of persons, styling themselves the bankers and merchants, have pursued the same line of conduct. Every traitor and democrat in the City of Dublin, who could pretend to

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the character of a merchant on the score of his having bought or sold a roll of tobacco, attended at this last meeting, which, however, was honoured with the presence of many very respectable citizens, headed by the Messrs. Latouches, for whose conduct on this occasion I cannot account.

"The Irish Bar led the way in this premature opposition, influenced by men to whom the Government has heretofore shown great attention, as much, perhaps more, than their merits entitled them to. In short, my lord, the tide of opposition to this measure run so strong at present in this city, that some of the first and most popular characters who are perfectly convinced of the expediency, nay, almost of the necessity, of the measure, are afraid openly to proclaim their opinions, convinced that they would, by so doing, lose that popularity, which they may in proper season use for purposes beneficial to Church and State.

"We have succeeded here in preventing the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley, a very numerous society of citizens of Dublin, eminently loyal, from canvassing the business; and the different Orange Lodges throughout the kingdom, composed of the bravest, most active, and loyal Protestants, have been prevailed on to adopt the same line of conduct. This is the utmost service the friends of the Union have been able to effect.

"In truth, my lord, I must plainly tell you that the unaccountable conduct of the present Lord-lieutenant, which has rendered him not only an object of disgust, but of abhorrence, to every loyal man I have conversed with since my return from England, has induced many persons to oppose a Union, who, if influenced by resentment against the Marquess Cornwallis, would have given no opposition, if they did not support, that measure. God Almighty send us a chief governor of more conciliating manners, more understanding, and more knowledge of the real state of this unhappy, divided, and partly desolated country, and the dispositions of its inhabitants!"

A letter from Lord Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenant, to the Premier, Duke of Portland, describes the opposition to the Union so well in so few words, that we must copy them, (January 11, 1799.)

"There certainly is a very strong disinclination to the measure in many of the borough proprietors, and a not less marked repugnance in many of the official persons, particularly in those who have been longest in the habits of the current system. The secondary interests of course look to it as the destruction of their authority, and the leading interests as exposing them to fresh contests. These impressions, connected with the natural expectation which every individual forms of deriving some personal advantage by the change, make its accomplishment full of difficulty. The steady purpose of the English government, and the natural authority of the State in this kingdom, will counteract these principles in a great degree; but weighty names may encourage a general resistance, which would certainly leave those who are supporters of the measure, from a conviction of its necessity, in a minority."

To overcome and counteract this legion of opposition was the task imposed on Dublin Castle, and a wearisome work it was. Cajoling some, bribing others, promises of peerages and places, appeasing or sowing divisions in class interests, such as the bar, and bankers and merchants of Dublin, and every other art, was (as is universally known) applied to effect this great measure. The unblushing pretensions of some, the more guarded insinuations of others that they must lose by the change, and, therefore, could not support it without an equivalent, and the general accessibility to the corruption which was unhesitatingly supplied is, after all, but too true a picture of human nature. Self-interest is apt to disguise itself in the masquerade of public patriotism; and to expect men not to be biased by their own individual conditions and prospects is to imagine a Utopia as absurd as Louis Blanc's, and one which would never be realized in Ireland, or in England either. We like to select one straightforward and honest epistle from the many quite the reverse:—

"Sir John Blackwood, Bart., to Lord Castlereagh.

"January 15, 1798 [1799.]

"My Lord, I received in a letter yesterday, from your office, of the 7th instant, an unusual summons to me, by the direction of the Lord-lieutenant, to attend in Parliament on 22nd instant, on business of the greatest importance, which will be submitted to Parliament on that day, &c. I have been a member forty years; by many of the Lord-lieutenants I have been honoured even with social intercourse; none, however, have presumed to call for my attendance on any Parliamentary subject. This is the first, without any previous knowledge of me, who has condescended to summon me in the style as to one of the vassals of Administration. The only authority I acknowledge is that of our Speaker, as directed by the call of our House.

"I wish to inform the Lord-lieutenant that I have the pride of feeling my own independence—*nullius addictus in verba jurare magistri*—a pride I would not barter for any honour, station, place, or pension in his power to grant; and, while I can maintain my own opinion and judgment on all public questions, I will not part with the approbation of my own mind, nor permit the interposition of any Lord-lieutenant without expressing my indignation at such treatment.

"Your lordship knows I had intended to have attended my duty; let it not be said I attend by the persuasion of his excellency's summons. *Entre nous*, as to the momentous question, I shall not be finally determined till I shall have heard and digested the best information on the subject in the House. I am now consulting old as well as late constitutional authorities, as I never take assertions for historical truths.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

"JOHN BLACKWOOD."

A sifting of the correspondence, showing what the supporters of the Union asked for their votes, and how they were dealt with, might be a nice piece of Repeal and democratic scandal; but so much of it has already been done and published, we will not occupy our page with the matter. And, after all, the consideration of these things, and how they affect the characters of the actors in them, must depend, in a great degree, on the view they conscientiously took of the measure itself. Those who believed it to be for the absolute safety and essential good of the empire, ought not to be vilified for the means they adopted to carry it into effect, (as Lord Castlereagh has been;) whilst those who either believed it would be injurious to their country, and yet lent themselves to it "for a consideration," and those who flagitiously sold their country and themselves for mere lucre or advancement, cannot be stigmatized too much by honest and honourable men. With this remark we conclude; and have only to express our hope, that as the work drags its slow length along, it may become more worthy of approbation.

THE JESUITS.

The Jesuit Conspiracy. The Secret Plan of the Order. Detected and revealed by the Abbate Leone. With a Preface by M. Victor Considérant. Chapman and Hall.

TRANSLATED with the author's sanction, and emendations from the authentic French edition, this strange and remarkable attack upon the Society of Jesus assails it in a more direct and tangible shape than all the revelations and diatribes (many as there have been) which have hitherto appeared in elder and modern times. It is so extraordinary, that we do not wonder at the great pains taken to establish its truth and authenticity. The proofs and arguments we leave to the consideration of the reader, who will find them fully discussed in the preface and introduction, as well as incidentally throughout the work. In this labour M. Considérant cordially joins, and adopting the reality of the text, endeavours to proscriber Jesuitism as dangerously inimical to the republican principles, in which he proceeds to the borders if not to the interior of the Red, with Communism and its concomitant doctrines. "The Jesuits," he says, "are the janissaries of theocratic Catholicism," that is, an

ambitious design to subvert mankind under absolute priestly dominion, and he significantly hints at the method of disposing of the denounced janissaries. Further light is thrown upon his views by the following:—

"P.S.—Paris, May 28th, 1848.—Since I wrote the above Preface to Leone's narrative in London, and at the moment when the work was about to appear simultaneously in England, France, Belgium, and Germany, the Revolution of February changed the face of things. The party of oppression, favoured by the impious alliance of the French government with the absolute courts, has been miraculously overthrown; the Jesuits themselves have been expelled from Rome.

"Let us not be deceived, however; the battle is not won; peace and liberty are still far from being solidly established in the world.

"Peace, liberty, complete reciprocity (*solidarité*), and universal brotherhood, will only be realised by the definitive incarnation of the spirit of the Gospel in humanity. The work now before us is to make a democratic and christian Europe, instead of the aristocratic and, socially speaking, heathen Europe, which was yesterday official and legal. The question is far more religious and social than political. It is the era of practical Christianity which we are called on to inaugurate.

"Hence, though Leone's publication now no longer possesses the character it would have had in the very heat of the strife, before the Revolution, it nevertheless retains its value. It will serve the good cause by exposing the designs of the bad cause; it will help the development of the true Christianity, democratic Christianity, by exhibiting in its odious nakedness the pseudo-Christianity, the Christianity of the profit-seekers, of Theocracy, of Despotism.

"The two parties must be accurately segregated: on the one side daylight, on the other darkness.

"The subordinate clergy, whose condition in France is an actual civil, political, and religious thralldom, has respired the air of freedom with hope and love. Let the Republic give it a democratic constitution—let it restore to it the rights and guarantees of which it cannot be much longer despoiled—and it will soon have made its conquest. The subordinate clergy begs only to be released from the yoke. It groans beneath superiors who are imposed upon it, and whom it fears; whereas it ought to elect and love them. Let us emancipate the sacerdotal people; set it free, and the oppressive and shameful doctrines of Jesuitism will find in it their most formidable antagonist.

"It is time that this be done.

"For eighteen hundred years has Christianity been preached to men—how to incarnate it in society is now the problem. Political society itself invokes the Gospel formula, taking for its motto those three Christian words—*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!* Let the subordinate clergy and the liberal bishops, casting off the anti-christian and anti-catholic traditions of Jesuitism, press forward, full of faith, hope, and love, in the path which is opened to them. The mission of true Christianity is now to found universal Democracy.

"The Pope has expelled the Jesuits. It remains for him to reinstall the Papacy in its spiritual and catholic functions by abdicating all temporal authority. It is its temporal interests that have corrupted the Church.

"So long as the head of the Church shall remain King of the Roman States, the Catholic Church will be nothing but a Roman oligarchy. It must again become a spiritual and universal democracy; and its general councils must proclaim to the earth the true sense, the liberating and emancipating sense, of the Scriptures.

"A sincere return to the democratic spirit of the Gospel; a rupture of that simoniacal alliance which odiously perverted a religion of freedom and fraternity, making it into a yoke of oppression for the benefit of all who use up nations for their own profit; a formal repudiation of the feudal, theocratic, obscurantist, and Jesuitical spirit: such is the price at which the salvation of the catholic institution is to be secured."

From these extracts it will be seen, that M. Considerant and his party have adopted nearly all, if not all, the new doctrines of the German school, and class the antagonist conspiracy of Jesuitism with the other combinations which have risen up to counteract the views of the extreme ultra-democratic division in France.

"This new retrogression (he observes) is authenticated by this token, that M. Thiers—who is what is called a tactician, a practical man, a man of manoeuvres—and his organ, the *Constitutionnel*, have, with brazen fronts, gone over to the party of which they had long been the bugbears.

"M. Thiers, moreover, maintained a few days ago, in a committee of the Assembly, amidst the applause of many liberals of yesterday (liberals now entrusted with the task of founding the democratic republic), that it was very dangerous to develop the instruction of the people, because instruction led infallibly to communism.

"The anti-democratic coalition is bound up with the National Assembly, and the compact is signed between all the parties of the past.

"Out of doors the movement is being organised by the insidious arts employed to terrify and blind the most legitimate interests.

"Furthermore, the reactionists will rapidly use up all the men of the revolution; then, when the industrial and commercial crisis shall have passed away, they will again repossess themselves of the powers of the state, and with the help of all the confederated enemies of liberty and progress, they will re-establish society on its OLD PRINCIPLES, the mischievous nature of the new principles being definitively proved by the evils which their invasion has for sixty years let loose on the modern world."

"That is the plan, a general coalition of all fears, all egotisms, and all intrigues, against the legitimate and regular development of democracy.

"This is literally the very same purpose as that aimed at by the Company of Jesus; accordingly, the alliance has been already concluded with the political representatives of the Company."

"But to come more immediately to our Abbate, and his unfolding the mystery of the secret plan of the Jesuits, so as to impair their force, if not altogether to annihilate their power. Inflamed with admiration for that body, he was, as his relation goes, induced in 1824 to become a probationer for admission into it in the College at Chieri. His initiatory lessons are described as involving a system to subject the whole soul to the willing and unquestioned performance of every behest, however vicious the acts might be. While in this course he accidentally finds a book containing the *Confessions of the Novices*, and one of the most cunning and effective instruments to direct the manner in which they are to be made serviceable to the great ends of Jesuitism. In this he reads his own character and the prospective uses to which it is proposed to turn it; and thus his eyes are opened to the iniquities of the order, whose tenets he was now in training to embrace. Another accident makes him the unwilling and terrified auditor of a conference of Jesuit leaders, of which he is enabled to take perfect notes; and it is the declaration, *seriatim*, of their opinions and projects, which forms the grand feature of this production. For years he carries the secret about with him, having fled from the Jesuit communion and entered that of the Romish Church; and at last divulges it in Switzerland, whence it is transported to Paris, and now to London. After Rome, it seems Lyons is accounted the chief centre of Jesuit propagation; but there are strong places at Fourvrières, and many other establishments throughout the world, at all of which the plans of the higher authorities are carried out by devoted tools, and even by unconscious abettors of the business in hand."

"Every means (says the Abbate) is welcome to its concoctors that can forward their success. Their journals, especially the *Univers*, strangely mistaking the age, have promulgated plenty of miracles to sanctify the cause of the Jesuits in Italy. Their abominable fraud has not been able to remain con-

cealed; the press holds up its perpetrators to contempt. Here, then, we have it proved for the thousandth time, that this order, continually urged by infernal ambition, meditates the ruin of all liberty, and by its counsels is hurrying princes, nobles, and states to their ruin. It is its suggestions that petrify the heart of the King of Naples, in whose dominions one of the members of the Company has been heard preaching the most hideous absolutism and blind obedience, as the most sacred and inviolable duty of the multitude. This is their very doctrine; and when they preach a different one, it is but a trick, and is practised there only where they lack the support of despotism.

"The first step (he adds) in the reform of Catholicism is the absolute abolition of this order; so long as it subsists it will exert its anti-social and anti-Christian influence over the Church and the Powers; and so long as the Church is filled with the hatred for progress, which that order cherishes, it will only hasten its own decay, and its regeneration will be impossible."

We must now, however, come to the speeches ascribed to the reverend fathers in conclave, and we must say that we are shaken in the belief of their entire authenticity by one consideration—namely, that they turn upon and embrace every point connected with their alleged principles and objects, and thus open the questions against their whole system to exposure. Now it is not probable that at any such meeting all the ambitious plans and nefarious devices of the party should be evolved; and we therefore cannot help thinking that whatever foundations the author may have had for a part, he must have amplified them for the sake of a more universal reprobation. It is curious, too, that the speakers are all of different countries, Irish, Roman, German, French, &c. &c. The topics are numerous, which each speaker in turn illustrates; but we must confine ourselves to a few specimens of the eloquence, as taken in shorthand by the Abbate from their mouths, as he crouched behind the half-open door of an adjoining room. The first orator is reported to have begun—

"Dear brethren, our weapons are of a quite different temper from those of the Cæsars of all ages; and it will not be difficult for us so to manoeuvre as to render ourselves masters of all the powers already so much weakened. We need fear no lack of soldiers, only let us apply ourselves to recruiting them from all ranks, and from all nations, and drilling them into punctual service. But let us, at the same time, be vigilant, that no one suspect our designs. Let every one be persuaded, whilst consecrating to us his labour, his gold, or his talents, that he is employing them in his own interest."

"Ours be the knowledge of this great mystery; as to others, let them hear us speak in parables, so that, having eyes, they may not see, and having ears, they may not hear."

"Let us labour more diligently than all who have undertaken to raise great hierarchical edifices, and let our labour be in earnest!"

"You well know that what we aim at is the empire of the world; but how are we to succeed, unless we have, everywhere, adepts who understand our language, which must yet remain unknown to others."

"Doubtless, you have not forgotten our ancient Paraguay. It was but a very limited trial of our system, in a small corner of the globe. In these latter days, we need a new code, we who have undertaken to work so mighty a change—to make everything bend beneath the irresistible hammer of our doctrines, so that all shall become as stone, iron, gold, and adamant, for the gigantic building into which we will force all men to enter."

"Let every individual, therefore, yield up an entire obedience. Let him plight inviolable vows in one sole convent; and let the Pope—but a Pope of our own forming—be its perpetual abbot!"

"Another points out how they may best make breaches in Protestantism, and argues so well of the means that he concludes—

"Doubtless, the first generation will not be wholly ours; but the second will nearly belong to us; and the

third entirely. Yes, the people are the vast domain we have to conquer; and when we are free to cultivate it after our own way, we will make it fruitful to the profit of the impoverished granary of the holy city. We shall know how, by marvellous stories and gorgeous shows, to exorcise heresy from the heads and hearts of the multitude; we shall know how to nail their thoughts upon ours, (*inchiodare sui nostri i di lei pensieri*), so that they shall make no stir without our good pleasures. Then the Bible, that serpent which, with head erect, and eyes flashing fire, threatens us with its venom whilst it trails along the ground, shall be changed again into a rod as soon as we are able to seize it; and what wounds will we not inflict with it upon these hardened Pharaohs and their cunning magicians! what miracles will we not work by its means! Oh, then, mysterious rod! we will not again suffer thee to escape from our hands, and fall to the earth!"

"For you know but too well that, for three centuries past, this cruel asp (*crudele aspidè*) has left us no repose; you well know with what folds it entwines us, and with what fangs it gnaws us!"

But other matters of a more delicate nature to handle, are also brought into the field, and the Cebacy of the Clergy, without which the Confessional must fall to the ground, and the influence derived from confession itself, afford room for very striking sentiments to be delivered by the deliberative body, whose audible sentiments are here declared to be faithfully set down. We must select, as far as decency admits, our further extracts from these speeches:—

"As long," says a holy priest, "as the human heart shall remain what it is, believe me, dear colleagues, the elements of the Catholic system will never be exhausted, so abundantly fruitful are they! I will bring forward a convincing proof of what I say, although I am aware that, on the subject of the fair sex, you are Doctors in Israel."

"One of my friends had the good fortune to see, at his knees, a lady, still young and beautiful. Her husband, an aged and very rich man, doted on her, and made it his sole study to please her. She, on the other hand, was a perfect specimen of that class of women who love religion—but love pleasure no less. Roaming from confessor to confessor, she had always had the ill fortune to fall into the hands of confounded Jansenists. All these had enjoined her to detach herself from her dear painter! Our brother, perceiving that she was devout to enthusiasm, knew at once how to deal with her case. The lady expressed herself nearly in the following terms:—'I could not endure to remain for whole years without receiving the sacraments; my heart would continually tell me that I was a heathen and a child of perdition. Was it my fault if they gave me in marriage at an age when I was incapable of reflection? He whom I love is the most irreproachable of men; and for myself, this attachment is my only fault. What use to me are the good things of life if I must be wretched as long as I live? For the love of the Holy Virgin, reverend father! do not be so hard as my former confessors have been! His pictures are almost all on religious subjects; there is not a great ceremony in the church at which he is not present, as well as myself—too happy, both of us, to take a part in these ravishing solemnities! Alas! you know not, perhaps, reverend father, what it is to feel such love as this!'"

"Our friend, after having given free course to this torrent of amorous eloquence, gradually soothed his penitent by assuring her that religion is no tyrant over the affections—that it demands no sacrifices but such as are reasonable and possible. 'If you are of opinion,' said he, 'that your health is suffering from the effect of melancholy, I can point out to you a way by which you may relieve your conscience. All those priests who have thus distressed you understand nothing whatever of matters of faith; they interpret Scripture by the letter, whereas the letter killeth, as the apostle says; but the interpretation, according to the spirit, giveth life.' Listen to a parable, which will smooth all your difficulties."

"Two fathers had each a son. These youths had a passion for the chase. One of the fathers was severe, the other mild and indulgent. The former positively forbade his son the enjoyment of his favourite pursuit; the latter, calling his son to him, thus addressed him:—'I see, my son, that it would cost you much to renounce your favourite sport; meanwhile there is only one condition on which I can allow you to indulge it; namely, that I may have the satisfaction of seeing that your affection and zeal for me increase in proportion to my indulgence.' What followed? The young man to whom the chase had been forbidden followed it in secret, and at the same time became more and more estranged from his father, until all intercourse was broken off between them; whilst the other redoubled his attentions to his father, and showed him every mark of duty and affection."

"You will, no doubt, admire both the parable and the tactics of our friend. He thus concluded his address to his fair penitent:—'It is for you, madam,' said he, 'to take the latter of these two youths for your model. Be always amongst the first at your devotions; let the house of the Lord witness your presence on all holy occasions; and since you are rich, let it be your pleasure to adorn it richly, like your own dwelling. The Magdalen, to whom the Lord forgave much because she had loved much, proved her love by her actions; she broke the most precious of her vases to bedew him with perfumes. In like manner, do you take as much interest in the holy spot where Jesus Christ every day dwells bodily, as you do in adorning your own person.'

"The delight with which the lady heard these words was boundless. 'Oh, yes, indeed, indeed,' cried she, 'all that you say is clearer than the light of day. I vow that I will never again have any other confessor than you.'

"It is almost incredible what this lady afterwards lavished on the church in ornaments, censers, crowns, and robes for the Virgin. She placed herself at the head of different confraternities; and several other ladies in circumstances similar to hers, were easily induced to follow her example."

"Let this serve as a lesson to us. Too much rigour dries up the tree; but indulgence is like the rain which nourishes it and makes it bring forth fruit a hundredfold."

"We might call this a confession from the Confessional, and consequently a perfect novelty; but other Jesuits follow in the same train. One says—"

"In former times, the Almighty sanctified simultaneous and visible polygamy. This was in order to people the earth; it was meet that all other considerations should yield to this. In later times, God condescended to permit this state of things to continue, even when the earth was covered with multitudes of people. Now that the time seems to have arrived to render the church the universal sovereign, and to give it a glorious triumph over all its enemies—now, the Almighty, who does what he wills, in heaven and on earth, without control or question, from any power, human or divine, abolishes for the clergy, for all monks, and all nuns, of whatsoever denomination, *real and true celibacy*, and for this reason, that it cannot but be hurtful to those who, called to destroy the armies of Satan, require for the success of this work to be as closely and as intimately united as if they were but one soul and one body. Wherefore God establishes, henceforward, instead of the ancient continence, a successive and invisible polygamy (*una polygamia successiva e invisibile*), and he requires only an interior and spiritual celibacy. But so precious a concession is only made in favour of those who resolutely undertake the task of labouring for the re-establishment of the church, and who spare no sacrifice in order that she may be adorned and glorified as becomes the spouse of God, and that she may finally take up her stand above all principalities, dignities, and powers, so that all things may be put under her feet: seeing that there is nothing belonging to Jesus Christ, which is not equally due to the church."

"It hence follows that the right to have a sister after the manner of Saint Paul (for the title of wife belongs only to those who are externally and indisso- lably married)—it follows, I say, that this right can only be granted to those labourers whose zeal in the holy cause is constant and heroic. It would be, in fact, a monstrous injustice if these men might not enjoy so dear a privilege with an untroubled conscience. But it is, at the same time, highly important that all those against whom the church has any cause of complaint, should be impressed with the conviction that they could not usurp this privilege without committing deadly sin."

"The draught of water, which refreshes and strengthens, given to those who are actively engaged in the Lord's harvest, and are fainting under the excessive heat of the sun, was a prophecy of the mysterious contract which God has reserved for our times."

"I have been for some months absorbed in this new and important theme; I am therefore prepared to enter upon its development with all the seriousness it merits."

"To open such a view as this to the church hierarchically, would fortify, as by a triple wall of brass, a point of Catholicism so really weak, and so frequently attacked. I have not the least doubt that our idea will gain ground if we can manage to form a sect, at first very secret and select, which should adroitly insinuate this good news into convents and nunneries, and into the heads of certain churchmen. Some resistance there will be of course, but finally all will agree upon the propriety of what is at once so agreeable and so advantageous in many ways. You well know, besides, that we have nothing to invent in this matter, since numerous connexions of the nature we would advocate are already in existence. But as they exist at present, they bring no profit to the church; on the contrary, they are hurtful, inasmuch as they bring many a conscience into trouble; whereas the authorization that I would give them would take away all remorse, and would provoke an increase of zeal and industry. By virtue of this plan, men and women would co-operate to one end, each at his or her post, according to the established rules; whilst, thanks to this metamorphosis, the only scruple which could disturb them would be the fear of not rendering themselves worthy of such a privilege by a sufficiently entire devotion to the church."

"If you will now consider the certain results of this secret dogma, you will find them of immense importance. But the most consummate prudence will be required in guiding and propagating the plan in question. The hospitals à la Saint-Roch must be multiplied, and monks and nuns of all kinds must learn to combine three indispensable qualities,—first, outward austerity; second, moderation in their pleasures, and the most intimate mutual agreement; third, an indefatigable zeal for the conquest of souls—a zeal which never says, 'It is enough.'"

Another takes up the profligate theme, and goes on—

"All that I have just heard is perfectly true. And, in order to convince yourselves that, even in this respect, we have abundant materials; that, in point of fact, we have nothing to do but to legalize, or, more properly speaking, to consecrate what already exists pretty nearly everywhere, I beg of you to fix your attention on what I have to suggest to you."

"No doubt you are all more or less acquainted with the things of which I am about to speak, but perhaps some of you are ignorant of certain particulars."

"I refer to the Sisters of Charity; charming women, who owe it to us not to forget that 'well-ordered charity begins at home.' I have visited and been intimate with many of them in different coun-

"The text is here perverted; here it is verbatim: 'I have not power to take about with us a sister-wife, as do the other apostles, the brethren of our Lord, and Sophia? (1 Cor. ix. 5.) Brother and sister were synonymous with Christian; as to the word wife, Pope Leo IX. himself acknowledges that here signifies a married woman. The word *fratula* has the same signification in Greek as *femme* in French. (Leo IX. *Dist. 31*, can. *duomo*.)"

tries. They are very accessible and very confiding; almost all whom I have known have spoken to me of their secret sorrows. I have listened to their complaints against priests and monks,—as if they expected our hearts to be as tender and as ardent as their own! It is my opinion that these are the sort of nuns adapted to our own times. I wish, indeed, it were possible to lighten the yoke of all the rest, (*allégere il giogo dell'altre*), who are condemned unnecessarily and uselessly to see nothing all their lives but one little patch of sky and one little patch of earth; and what is still worse, to remain always shut up together, seeing the same eternal faces, without any possibility of removing to another convent, even when such a change appears reasonable. I would have the cloister abolished altogether, so that there might be less difficulty, less ceremony in approaching them. What a spring of cheerfulness for the poor hearts of these maidens! What an opportunity for them to vary, if not their pleasures, at least their griefs! The Sisters of Charity have this advantage."

"You know that good professors, skilful in this kind of chase, capture these poor little creatures when they are in the depths of terror and anguish. It is when they find themselves betrayed and forsaken, when the ground seems to fall from beneath their feet, and shame and remorse overwhelm them, that they eagerly accept the proposal to become Sisters of Charity. Young, for the most part, and having long deluded themselves with dreams of blissful love, they fall at last into despair. But their eyes are soon opened to the nature of the new state upon which they have entered; beset by priests of every age, they soon forget their fine resolutions. They are as yet but at the very entrance of their spiritual career, and already their fortitude is shaken by the temptations of the flesh. As they find a sort of pleasure in dwelling upon the misfortunes which have decided them to become nuns, they have scarcely finished pouring their romantic tale into the curious ears of priests or monks ere they have already laid the groundwork of another. This time, however, they feel certain, the character of their new friends considered, that the web they are weaving will be of golden tissue. If the clergy were discreet, they would not make a capital object of a pleasure which they ought to take lightly as a passing indulgence. Always joining the *utile* with the *dulce*, they should, however, profit by these critical moments to incite the woman to acts from which the church may indirectly derive advantage; for women can far outdo us when love and religion have warmed their imaginations. It is our business to know how to feed this double flame. Our best plan would be to impress upon our sisters that, where there is a want of constancy on our part, it is a chastisement for their want of zeal. Mountains alone are unchangeable. We should, moreover, never form a new connexion without an express condition, on the part of the newly elected one, that she shall perform prodigies. But it happens, alas! too often, that men to whose lot they fall show no consideration for these frail vessels, and unexpected consequences expose them to inconveniences of the same nature as those which induced them to take refuge under the religious garb. But wise precautions may keep all scandal at bay; a sum of money, a temporary abandonment of the dress of their order, and a prompt obedience in removing to some other place, will always prevent affairs of this sort from transpiring. In their new residence they will be sure to find some new sister who will aid and console them; for where is there one who has not been, or who may not be exposed to the same difficulties?"

"With this we finish, and have only to add in explanation of a foregoing passage, that the 'arch-hospital of St. Roch, (in Rome), is intended for pregnant women who wish to be delivered in secret. They are not asked either their name or their condition, and they may even keep their faces veiled during the whole time; they are within the walls. Should one of them die, her name would not be inserted in any register, numbers being invariably used in the esta-

blishment instead of hames. Young women, whose pregnancy, if known, would bring dishonour on themselves or their families, are received at St. Roch several months before their time, so as to prevent the shame and despair that might drive them to infanticide. The chaplains, physicians, midwives, and all who are employed in the establishment, are bound to strict secrecy, which is enjoined under the severest penalties; whoever should violate this law would be arraigned before the Tribunal of the Holy Office. Every provision is made that nothing which occurs within St. Roch shall transpire out of doors. The arch-hospital is managed by pious widows. All strangers, be they who they may, are absolutely excluded; none but those who are employed in the hospital are allowed to cross the threshold. After their confinement, the patients can leave the house at any hour of the night they think most favourable, and dressed in garments that disguise their gait. The house, too, is isolated, and all around it is solitude and mystery."

No need of Lambeth Mrs. Mansfields there; and M. Poujoulat, who gives this account in his *Toscane et Rome*, Brussels, 1840, in profound admiration of the Institution, exclaims—

"What can be more generous, noble, and christian, than these pious cares to spread the cloak of pity over the errors of frailty!"

CENTO.

Nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bodan or Parnassus has broke out.

To say it is not the age of Poetry must be ridiculous. Every Utilitarian can tell you it is an unerring principle that the demand alone can regulate the supply; or, in other words, the supply can never be more or less than the demand. When there is a scarcity the demand increases; when there is a glut the demand for fresh supply ceases. Well, then, *a priori*, from the multitude of volumes of poetry of every kind now upon our table, there must be an insatiable public desire for the production of these articles. They are good, bad, and indifferent; and we might readily argue from the proportions that the worst were the most acceptable, the middlings tolerably well received, and the superior manufactures the least able to find a market. At any rate, it is our duty in cataloguing, if not always reasoning upon, the literary issues of the times, to let the world know the state of these matters; and we accordingly proceed to sketch as comprehensive a view as may indicate the nature of this prominent, curious, and (under existing discouragements) very superabundance of poetical effusions. And in doing so we may premise that we like it, and hold it to be a good and healthful sign. Whilst there are hearts and souls to breathe and enjoy the melody of song, the outpourings of the imagination, the refinements of art and taste, the sympathies of feeling, and the wonders of genius, mankind will not go altogether wrong, or become entirely absorbed in sordid and selfish gratifications. Humanity will share the hour, if it cannot command or triumph; and we will have a bright Oromasdes among us to worship, let who will have their dark Ahirmanes.

We will make no choice in this article; but, like the Spanish boy, pick nothing, but take them as they come. Lift!

1. *The Sea-King*. By J. S. Bigg. Whittaker and Co., &c.

A METRICAL romance in six cantos, founded on a part of Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, in which the writer has entered more largely into the legendary than into the historical accounts connected with the expeditions and descents of Ragnar Lodbrog. The versification is very irregular; and has rather too often the gallop quality, which the sagacious Touchstone might criticise. There is nevertheless spirit in it, and we are reminded of the imitation of Walter Scott, at least for the style, manner, and rhythmical composition, with a spice of Coleridge, and a soupçon of Undine. We cite three stanzas to show—

"But now Otlaga sat in her hall,
And many a guest sat silent there;
The lamps were lit, the fires were bright,
Outside the clouds formed a funeral pall
For the moon as it slept in the frozen air,
And the stars that hung in the chambers of night
Were wan as ghosts in the pale moonlight;
Mountains of ice, and frozen snow
Were here,—were there,—above and below.

"The wind came whistling loud and chill,
Down many a glen, o'er many a hill,
But in the hall the guests were still;
They moved not a limb, they breathed not a breath,
As though they sat in the chambers of death:
And yet each bright enquiring eye
Is fixed on one object,—ask ye why?"

"An aged man staid silent there,
With brow so noble and head so bare,
Deserted by the last white hair
That used to speak of times gone by,
A tear stood in his melting eye,
And that old man sighed full well I ween
When the last lock went from his aged brow,
For it told of joys that once have been
And recalled full many an early scene
That must be forgotten now.
Dissevered from the past he stands,
And holds a harp in his trembling hands."

The long continued narrative of legend affords us no opportunity for better illustration; and we therefore have only to add that copious notes accompany the text.

2. *Reginald Vere*. By the Rev. F. Woods Mant, B.A., author of "The Rubi." Parker.

A TALE of above a year of the civil wars, 1643-4, and written in support of Church of England principles, in opposition to Popery, dissent, and separation. It is a long versification of many events, and derives much and comments much on a work called *Foxes and Firebrands*. The annexed is a sample,—

"This was the mystery of the art
Of him, whose lips professed
To bear a new reformer's part,
In the garb of the godly drest;
Yet wore a crucifix in his heart,
And a rosary in his breast!
This was the mystery of the seal,
That the flame of faction fann'd,
Who professed the popish sore to heal
Through the breadth of a jealous land;
Whose acts were stamped with the pontiff's seal,
In the cardinal legate's hand!
This was the mystery of the tongue,
That sped from west to east,
With all the abominations strung
Of the seven-fold headed beast,
Till the English Church with the segments rung
Of the wily Jesuit priest!
This was the mystery of the skill,
That most her sons divides,
And sets them up against her will,
And up against their guides!
The strength of that Unity to kill
That the power of Rome derides!
This was the mystery that began
In the Frankfort monster's womb,
And through the reign of 'the Martyr' ran,
And extends to years to come;
The mystery of the Puritan,
That covereth the craft of Rome!"

3. *Poems*. By Dora Greenwell. Pickering. A very miscellaneous assortment of pieces on every subject, translated and original. They show talent and feeling; but do not rise to the ascent which commands more than passing approbation. We offer a ballad in proof,—

"Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jennie?
As ye sit by your fire at night,
Do ye wish that the Morn might bring back the time,
When your heart and your step were light?"
"I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
And all that I joyed in then,
But the fairest that ever arose on me
I have never wished back again."
"Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie?
As ye sit by your fire at night,
Do ye reckon them o'er, as they faded fast,
Like buds in an early blight?"
"I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
But I mourn not their stay was fleet,
For they fell as the leaves of the red Rose fall,
That even in fading are sweet."
"Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie?
As ye sit by your fire at night,
Do ye wish they were round you again once more,
By the hearth that they made so bright?"

"I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then,
But the best and the dearest among them all,
I have never wished back again!"

4. *The Isle of Arran*. Cantos I. and II. Edinburgh: Fraser and Co. London: Orr and Co.

WHEN God created the world, it was geologically said he threw out all the rubbish sifted from the finer parts, and so made the Isle of Arran. It is, nevertheless, a romantic and picturesque isle, and not unmeet for poets' song; and our author, in so far as he has sung, has painted it with a feeling for the beauties of nature. Here is a genuine touch—

"What sweeter melody than the mingled song
Of all thy little throats, the wide among?
The carious wild note of the shy cuckoo,
Repeated oft, and cry of high curlew;
The thrush and blackbird on the orchard bough,
The speckled starling where blue harebells grow;
The merry linnets on the budding thorn,
The lark that soars to gratulate the morn;
The viewless curlew, busy at our feet,
The plaining dove in her sequester'd seat;
The lambs low bleating on the mountain side,
And varied cadence of the restless tide."

The summit of the Goatfell is not less poetical though partially injured by indifferent rhymes—

"How glorious on thy pinnacle to stand
Amazed, and see Aurora's wings expand!
Behold the awoken'd clouds of dapple gray
Their vesture shift, and like the opal, play;
Still spreading out, and brightening as they spread,
Till all the orient glows one mass of red!
To see the sun send up his herald ray,
Ere yet he deigns his presence to display;
When, lo! emerging slowly from the sea,
He comes in all his glorious majesty!
To see the clouds, attendant on his train,
To his chariot-wheels transform themselves again;
Bear him aloft to his aerial dome,
To warn what else were a chaotic gloom:
While 'bove his head, extending o'er the sky,
The lighter clouds like crimson pennons fly!
To see the beams he first vouchsafes to shed
On the cold earth, salute the mountain's head,
Then touch the gentler hills, and still descend,
Till o'er the outspread landscape they extend,
And every object feels his vital power,
Down, fields, and dells, the rock, the tree, the tower;
And e'en the streamlet, which awhile was mis'd,
Glisters, to show that he, too, has been bless'd!"

Where such passages occur, we need not add there must be much merit throughout the whole composition.

5. *The Martyrs*. By the Rev. W. A. Newman, M.A. Wolverhampton: Parke.

HONORARY secretary to the South Staffordshire Hospital, the rev. gentleman bethought himself of some means whereby to benefit that charity, and in pursuance of the object, composed and published this volume. That it does honour to his feelings, intention, and ability, may be truly accorded, but we fear it does not reach the rank to make it likely to be of much value to the cause it was designed to serve. A few of the best lines are enough for our purpose—

"Speed thee, brave Martyr, on thy way,
Soon dawn the everlasting day;
That very flame that fires thy pile
Is but the first and radiant smile
Of a far brighter, holier light
Of glory breaking on thy sight!
Soon will this din and fury cease,
And thy soul enter into peace,
Passing away from fenish cries,
To soft celestial symphonies!"

6. *A Voice from the North*. By Stafford Reeves. Houlston and Stoneman.

THE *Voice from the North* is not very warm, and the queer thereof is very particular in informing the public under what influences it was uttered. As a specimen of this, and one is as good as a hundred, he says—

"His own poems are inserted pretty generally in the order of their birth."

"The one, entitled 'On viewing the Rhine by Moonlight,' was written during tea-time, immediately after the excitement of a long and very fatiguing walk, in the presence of two friends, and subject to their conversational interruptions; and arose from some remarks on the transitoriness of man compared with the eternal works of nature, which were made in the course of that walk."

And here it is—

"I stood—and o'er Rhine's waters shone
A dazzling white,
The burning sun to rest had gone
For one more night.
I gazed, and as they rolled along,
A wayward thought
Was to my brain in mystic song
And murmurs brought.
I seemed to hear, borne on the wind,
A mournful sound;
But when its sense did reach the mind,
I stood spell-bound.
A sadness on my spirits fell;
Yet listening on,
I heard, and then, as by some spell,
I found 'twas gone.
I lingered still and tried to hear
Again that note,
And soon into my willing ear
It seemed to float.
In slow dull tones it came along,
Just as the breeze
In winter, when it moans among
The leafless trees.
I stayed my steps to list again,
And through the gloom
I heard once more this joyless strain,
So slowly boom—
'Flow on, flow on, thou mighty stream,
Proud man shall
To thee, but as one fitful dream,
Unto eternity.'
I pondered o'er this sad decree,
Then humbly sought,
That to this state man might not be
For countless ages brought."

7. *A Day at Athens; in Verse.* By F. C. Hakewill.
With a literal French translation.

At any rate a curiosity, printed by H. Cayol at Constantinople, and published there by J. Wick!! We have heard something of the author as a successful painter, both at Athens and the capital of Turkey; and the inspiration of Greece is in his grateful muse, so to speak both politically* and artistically. Of this we have only to adduce the proof by a few extracts—

"Vain is verse to paint the scene,
Vain even painting's magic power,
For 'tis the land where gods were seen,
In antique times, their gifts to shower:
The gifts of gods ne'er know decay,
Immortal as the powers divine,
They scorn dread time's destructive sway,
And with eternal youth they shine;
For still the vigorous King of day,
Swift rising o'er Anchises' grey,
Early pours his piercing rays;
Methinks I see the mountain blaze,
For now his steeds, refresh'd by night,
Shake their manes of liquid light,
And while the god attunes his strings,
More fiercely forth each courser springs;
Aloft in air the car is hung;
His beams upon the earth are flung,
Widely spreading, life awaking;
From sleep the drowsy nations shaking;
And when he glids the Grecian isles,
On Skyrus first the godhead smiles;
But more below'd are Athens' walls,
On which his radiant influence falls,
Than any town on mount of plain,
The convex globe's vast realms contain."

"The valleys' forms his rays unfold,
The grey of ocean's turn'd to gold,
While, like a diamond hung in air,
Minerva's temple, bright and fair,
Bathed in Apollo's golden shower,
Recalls to mind her antique power.
O Virgin Goddess, soul of Greece!
Still may thine olives bud in peace."

The Acropolis is thus painted—

"A lofty rock rears up his head
With ruin'd fane's profusely spread,
Tho' one, with more majestic grace,
Looks like the queen of all her race,
Solemn and grand, in art sublime,
Eternal model to remotest time;
Then beaming white a temple stands,
Diminutive, 'tis true,
Yet faultless art our gaze commands—
We Victory's temple view;

* It is not known, we believe, that at the last Greek Revolution, when it was proposed to form a National Assembly, to decide on the laws by which the country should thenceforward be ruled, a very strict scrutiny was instituted as to who, by birth, as Greeks, should have a voice in that body; but exceptions were made in favour of four foreigners, well tried Philhellenists, one of whom was our distinguished countryman, General Church, who, with the true modesty that attends valour, declined the flattering solicitation.—Ed. L. G.

And from its base a scene expands,
A marvel to men of other lands;
While sweeping far o'er olive groves,
Gladly the delighted vision roves:
O'er hills arising, vales descending,
And distant plains with mountains blending;
And then the sea comes gliding in,
With pearly hues of azure light,
So fair and faint, that where begin
The sea and sky, defies the gazer's sight.
Thrice happy land, in spite of all
Thou yet hast suffer'd since thy fall,
O'er thee some mystic halo's spread,
We stand in rapture while we view
That melting tint of ocean blue
That courts our sight—and darkly green,
The olive wood so calm, serene,
We stand amazed, and gazing, deem
The scene around a some airy dream;
Nor think it true, till fragments nigh
Of some proud column meet our eye;
'Tis then we see what havoc, spoil,
Have beaten down an age of toil."

We need hardly add that the metre and rhyme agree with no constant standard, and only hint that, perhaps, Constantinopolitan printing may have something to do with the irregularities.

The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Bradbury and Evans.

This volume is stated on its title page to be "revised and arranged expressly for the use of young people," and to be printed for private circulation, though a publisher's name seems to contradict that announcement. It pretends to be a mother's farewell bequest to her innocent children, whom she has taught never to pass "the most trifling sentence, or even one single word," without ascertaining "a clear and distinct idea of its meaning;" and in this expurgated edition we have the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard in its full warmth and undiminished purity!!! It is not easy to conceive a joke more perfect than this.

Angels' Story; and other Tales. Parker.

The principal story in this little book is of Chorister-boys, who, as they sing and are well taught and religious, tell an old miser that they do angels' work, and, at the same time, carrying a basket to ease him, turn him from selfish to Christian feeling, and he leaves his money to church-endowments. The other tales are of similar tendency.

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.

The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors. By S. Warren, Esq., F.R.S., Barrister-at-Law. Blackwoods; Benning, and Co.

THE enlargement of four lectures delivered by Mr. Warren in the Hall of the Incorporated Law Society, and published at the request of the council. It is needless to speak of the high talents and great abilities of the author. In literature and in law he is acknowledged by all to be a shining light; and, in the present instance, we would say that the rules he lays down for the education of youths destined to be attorneys, and the views he takes of the best modes of conducting cases of every description, and their office business generally, must, wherever they make their proper impression, be invaluable to the practitioner. To that class we leave this important portion of the work, and will nearly confine our remarks to the questions handled as between the profession and the community at large.

It was not likely that a barrister addressing an audience of attorneys, solicitors, and lawyers of other grades, would, however independent in mind and spirit, go very minutely into the demerits and evils which might too severely wring the withers of at least some of his hearers. On the contrary, the probability would be, that he would treat the body in the most favourable manner, and let the galled jades wince (if they ever winced) as exceptions to the leading order of excellence. And so it is with these lectures. The exalted duties and exemplary conduct of the honourable part of the profession are rather magnified than diminished, and the black sheep are very slightly referred to. But society knows that they are a numerous flock, and that the mischief and misery they have it in their power to inflict is incalculable.

There are between 13,000 and 14,000 individuals who practise as attorneys and solicitors; and below them there are myrmidons innumerable of a still baser sort. How much does the support of this legion require from the public? Take those registered alone at the low average of 300*l.* per annum, and you have no less an amount than 4,200,000*l.* If all other branches of law and its machinery are included, the estimate may fairly be stated at double that sum, or 8,400,000*l.* a year, much of it wrung from the misfortunes of good men sacrificed to the callous cupidity of pettifoggers, and often to their rascality. True it is that there are many members of the society before whom these lectures were delivered who would spurn such doings; but we are not clear that the Corporation has set its face so steadily against the corrupt and disgraceful section of its brethren, as was expected from it when it was first instituted. At least we are not aware of any public acts in this direction; nor do we know that the Augean stable is a whit less foul than when that promising event took place. Well might Mr. Warren say—

"You, gentlemen, are armed with powers really formidable, for good, and for evil. You may serve and protect, you may harass and oppress, all of us, in our turn."

Again, even "according as you act and demean yourselves, you may make that Law appear a blessing, or a curse; render it detestable as the mere instrument of meanness, trickery, and oppression, or lovely and dignified as the guardian of peace and order; the very visible impersonation of Justice—the protector of the weak and oppressed, vindicating the rights of the most abject, and redressing wrongs, though inflicted by the haughtiest and highest of mankind."

And again,—

"But, gentlemen, let me not be misunderstood. You will frequently see poor human nature in some of its worst aspects: it cannot but be so; and it will call forth the exercise of all the virtue, all the Christian feeling, that is in you. To you will come panting revenge, merciless enmity, hard-hearted avarice, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Into your ear will be poured, from time to time, their fierce whisperings against their unfortunate fellow-creatures. To gain their ends, to wound the feelings of an opponent, and secure often some petty advantage, persons employing you will not scruple to violate the sacred confidence of social intercourse; and it will be sought to make you a sure, a willing and sharp instrument, in their unholy hands, to gratify their evil passions; to oppress and crush the unhappy and helpless; to pursue, for instance, the hasty utterer of slander—the unthinking wrong-doer—with deadly pertinacity, and consequent cruelty to both parties; when a timely, kind, judicious interposition would have healed the skin deep wound, and restored peace and amity. Will you do these things, my friends? Will you consent thus to demean yourselves, and degrade your office? Nay, but God forbid! You shall, on the contrary, throughout life, remember from whose awful lips fell the words, 'Blessed are the peacemakers!' You shall say on such occasions, with noble firmness, 'I will not do what you demand. I disdain to be the instrument of your vindictiveness, of your over-reaching avarice; I will not be the conduit-pipe of your sweltering venom and malignity.' I will not, at your bidding, plunge your debtor into prison, and his family into the poor-house. I will not hurry into the Gazette one struggling manfully but desperately with misfortune, and whom you would prostrate with short-sighted fury. I will not do all this, when I am satisfied that they are unfortunate only, and you cruel and exacting. If you want to crush and to destroy, go elsewhere! I will not abuse the Law; I will not plunge its sharp weapons into their hearts, nor prostitute Law, in my person, by giving effect to your unjust and tyrannical wishes!"

Alas for human nature! Attorneys must live, and they cannot live as peace-makers. Strife is their productive element (we speak even of the majority); strife and contention furnish their houses and supply their kitchens and cellars, and horses and carriages. War to the knife loads their tables with luxuries for

knife and fork, and litigation without compromise raises the means for entertainments where the wines cannot be questioned by the most fastidious controversialists or the best judges. In short, attorneys are like most other people in our busy and over-reaching world; only they have it more in their power than any other class to augment the calamities of the unfortunate, and desolate the firesides of struggling industry. As Sterne did with the starling, let us take One, one thoroughly bad One, from the awfully numerous mass. Perhaps originally of a better cast of disposition, and not vile from the beginning, his practice brings him into perpetual contact with the worst sides of humanity, and he becomes possessed of the idea that mankind ought to be dealt with as if they were all cheats and rogues. The temptation to gain by adopting this principle confirms it; and like all other pursuits, a degree of intensity and even vindictiveness gradually accrues, and the enjoyment of the most hateful passions grows out of the primeval dark view, seductions of self-interest, and absence of fellow-feeling. He becomes a hunter of men; they are his prey; their chase is an excitement; their capture or destruction a triumph! He is the successful practitioner, and who questions his proceedings? Yet, as we have said, One such individual can, and often does, spread an extent of wretchedness, almost beyond conception, throughout every fibre of the social system. Give five-and-thirty years to a heartless and wicked attorney in tolerable practice, and weigh the hopes he may crush, the industry he may trample down, the honest he may pauperise, the wives, the widows, and the orphans he may reduce to destitution. Give him only twenty-five suits in a term, or one hundred within the year (a small allowance), and in thirty-five years you find three thousand five hundred persons oppressed and ruined, and all who are dependent upon them, it may be, (he cares not,) reduced to beg their bread. The curse is on the land where such deeds can be perpetrated with impunity, and a profit be made that raises the perpetrators into what is called the most respectable stations in life. There is no exaggeration in this picture. It is a reality. Inquire of an Inspector of prisons, or of a Governor of any gaol in the kingdom, and either will tell you they are tenanted by the deserving as much or more than the undeserving, and that they are the victims of legal cruelties, and powers under so little check as to be altogether irresponsible.

What a delightful contrast does the upright practitioner offer! He will not allow his mind to be poisoned against his race. He will not permit the thirst of gold to pervert him into the oppressor of his kind. He will detest every act of chicanery, tyranny, and barbarity, and will be the tool of no wrong. In the profession there are those whom adherence to such noble principles have kept poor; they are its highest honours, and deserve the esteem and gratitude of every good man, whilst their opposites, however prosperous, deserve the execration of the society they pillage and deform. Mr. Warren takes a flattering notice of this matter. He tells his listening and willing auditors—

"The unthinking part of the public conceive that you are altogether, or principally, concerned in, and taken up with, litigation: but you and I know better; that, on the contrary, it is your duty, and ought ever to be your object, to prevent litigation. Were it otherwise—did you deem yourselves at liberty to stir up strife, only imagine what a fearful spectacle, what a conflagration society would exhibit!"

"And does it not?" The author has not gone the circuit for many years with his eyes shut; and if he choose to answer the question from his own experience, it would pale the rose colour out of his cheeks, and substitute some dark and dismal hues, where it is spread like rouge over a harlot's cheeks to hide the corruption which infamy has wrought.*

* In one of the lectures it is pointed out how attorneys should conduct themselves when employed against delinquent brethren. But there is little fear on this score—

Cobles do not pick out Cobles even (eyes). And it is upon the community and not upon each other, that

But we are not going to part from him with a difference of opinion, and we therefore turn to a passage wherein we cordially agree:

"Regard fees due to Counsel as a debt of honour, the payment of which is a matter of peculiarly stringent obligation amongst gentlemen. Counsel have no means of compelling the performance of that duty, if once they have taken the brief, in reliance on your afterwards paying the fee, which, in point of strictness, ought always to be paid with the brief; and many eminent Attorneys and Solicitors still adhere rigidly to this rule. As a matter of convenience to both parties, I see no substantial objection to allowing fees to remain over, for short intervals of periodical settlement. In such an assembly as this, however, I need not dwell on such a topic. I might not, indeed, have touched it at all, had I not been urged to do so, by one or two of your most distinguished seniors; who, nevertheless, I believe to be not one whit more zealous for the honour of the profession, than those by whom I am now surrounded, as is testified by those loud expressions of approbation with which you have just received my allusions to so delicate a matter."

Many such debts of honour does the lecturer merit, and many his forensic qualifications have gained for him. But his present work is so sound in advice and so useful in practical instruction, and so finely calculated to make the attorney and solicitor ever hold in their remembrance the gentleman and the Christian, that it ought to recommend him still more forcibly to their polite attentions, till Ten Thousand a Year might be about the amount of his honorarium. He has our hearty wishes for such a result as the reward of professional labours, upon which, fortunately for him, he has leant as a staff, whilst he made literature a not ungrateful recreation, justly popular with the public and a proud adornment of his personal character.

In conclusion, we trust in all we have said that it will not be mistaken as a blackening description of a class. For the many of them who do credit to the administration of the laws and to humanity we entertain more respect than for any other body whatsoever; for we are aware how much more than any other they have to mislead them into a hardening of the heart and to a resistance of temptation in the pursuit of allowable gains; but against the worthless and ruthless portion of their associates there is not a term of abhorrence that we would leave unexpressed, for we deem the swindler, the burglar, and the highway robber to be beings infinitely less criminal and noxious than they.

MOUND-ANTIQUITIES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley. By E. G. Squier, A.M., and E. H. Davis, M.D. 4to. New York: Bartlett and Welford. London: Chapman.

THIS is not only by far the most important archaeological work that we have ever seen from the United States; but it is also "got up" in a style of paper, printing, and illustration, which reflects great credit on the arts and sciences of our Transatlantic brethren. The mound-remains in the valley of the Mississippi throw us back into the deepest speculations in ethnology, history, and the pristine worship of the early races of mankind. The volume is published for the authors, under the patronage of the Smithsonian Society; and is truly honourable to all concerned. As for its reception in this country, we must anticipate a large and hearty welcome. This week, however, we can only intimate our sense of its value by a single extract,* upon a subject of universal interest—the Serpent Worship.

"Probably the most extraordinary earthwork thus far discovered at the West is the 'Great Serpent.' It is situated on Brush Creek, at a point known as the 'Three Forks,' on entry 1014, near the north line

the robbers prey, and in such ways as to have little to dread from detection and being brought to justice. The incorporated Society should stir in this and purge their body.

* The *New York Literary World* has chosen the same example.—*Ed. L. G.*

of Adams County, Ohio. No plan or description has hitherto been published; nor does the fact of its existence appear to have been known beyond the secluded vicinity in which it occurs. The notice first received by the authors of these researches was exceedingly vague and indefinite, and led to the conclusion that it was a work of defence, with bastions at regular intervals—a feature so extraordinary as to induce a visit, which resulted in the discovery here presented. The true character of the work was apparent on the first inspection.

"It is situated upon a high, crescent form hill or spur of land, rising one hundred and fifty feet above the level of Brush Creek, which washes its base. The side of the hill next the stream presents a perpendicular wall of rock, while the other slopes rapidly, though it is not so steep as to preclude cultivation. The top of the hill is not level, but slightly convex, and presents a very even surface, one hundred and fifty feet wide by one thousand long, measuring from its extremity to the point where it connects with the table land. Conforming to the curve of the hill, and occupying its very summit, is the serpent, its head resting near the point, and its body winding back for seven hundred feet, in graceful undulations, terminating in a triple coil of the tail. The entire length, if extended, would be not less than one thousand feet. The work is clearly and boldly defined, the embankment being upwards of five feet in height by thirty feet base, at the centre of the body, but diminishing somewhat towards the head and tail.

"The neck of the serpent is stretched out and slightly curved, and its mouth is opened wide as if in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure, which rests partially within the distended jaws. This oval is formed of an embankment of earth, without any perceptible opening, four feet in height, and is perfectly regular in outline, its transverse and conjugate diameters being one hundred and eighty feet respectively. The ground within the oval is slightly elevated; a small circular elevation of large stones much burned once existed in its centre; but they have been thrown down and scattered by some ignorant visitor, under the prevailing impression, probably, that gold was hidden beneath them. The point of the hill within which this egg-shaped figure rests seems to have been artificially cut to conform to its outline, leaving a smooth platform, ten feet wide, and somewhat inclining inward, all around it.

"Upon either side of the serpent's head extend two small triangular elevations, ten or twelve feet over. They are not high, and although too distinct to be overlooked, are yet too much obliterated to be satisfactorily traced. Besides a platform, or level oval terrace, and a large mound in the centre of the isthmus connecting the hill with the table land beyond, there are no other remains, excepting a few mounds, within six or eight miles, none, perhaps, nearer than the entrenched hill in Highland county, thirteen miles distant. There are a number of works lower down on Brush Creek, towards its mouth; but their character is not known. The point on which this effigy occurs commands an extensive prospect, overlooking the 'bottoms' found at the junction of the three principal tributaries of the creek. The alluvial terraces are here quite extensive, and it is a matter of surprise that no works occur upon them.

"The serpent, separate, or in combination with the circle, egg, or globe, has been a predominant symbol among many primitive nations. It prevailed in Egypt, Greece, and Assyria, and entered widely into the superstitions of the Celts, the Hindoos, and the Chinese. It even penetrated into America; and was conspicuous in the mythology of the ancient Mexicans, among whom its significance does not seem to have differed materially from that which it possessed in the old world. The fact that the ancient Celts, and perhaps other nations of the old continent, erected sacred structures in the form of the serpent, is one of high interest. Of this description was the great temple of Abury, in England—in many respects the most imposing ancient monument of the British islands.

"It is impossible, in this connexion, to trace the

analogies serpent tent to an inven both in primi and espe We at this curi

La SEEMS female h and, pa which v led to c proceed weak o avoiding plunging character the frequ belong to "as mys p. 4, and affected

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"The book lay closed, a concentr thoughtis dwelt upon seemed t bosom. heart bec herself, on her, v for a few word, wit the same moved s the veil, bitter sm her begu forsaken a firm an

"Not till you h hear me for every falsehood from you anger, a horror at I will no nocent; may not though esteemed upon the

analogies which the Ohio structure exhibits to the serpent temples of England, or to point out the extent to which the symbol was applied in America,—an investigation fraught with the greatest interest both in respect to the light which it reflects upon the primitive superstitions of remotely separated people, and especially upon the origin of the American race.”

We anticipate the pleasure of many references to this curious and handsome volume.

NEW NOVEL.

Lady Granard's Nieces. 3 vols. Newby.

SEEMS to be the essay of a young and inexperienced female hand, not without a certain degree of talent, and, particularly, in delineating the feigning by which women, from various motives or causes, are led to conceal their genuine feelings. This may proceed from a needful self-protectiveness, or from weak or worthless incentives; in the one case avoiding dangers; in the other, abusing nature, and plunging into them. The best and most original character is Charles Lennox. We are sorry to notice the frequent use of words in senses which do not belong to good English language: see, for instance, “as mystery generally generates into ennui,” vol. i. p. 4, and “retrenched himself behind that cold and affected indifference,” p. 193.

We would not, however, discourage such an aspirant as we have supposed the writer to be; and, as an example of her (?) youthful (?) talents, quote a scene in which a passionately loving and faithful, though unjustly suspected wife, (a lovely French woman,) seeks an interview to reconcile herself to her jealous husband:—

“It was with a faltering step that Coralie proceeded towards the apartment where she had been told Sir Edward Harolde was. Once or twice she stopped, and seemed upon the point of turning back; recovering herself, however, she walked hurriedly on till she arrived at the very door—then turning the handle gently, passed the threshold, and closed it behind her. Again she stood motionless, and in silence, for her entrance had not been remarked by Edward Harolde, who was sitting in a large arm chair by the fireside, with his face turned towards her, but the shadow of an Indian screen fell in that direction, and hid her from his view, though the bright blaze from the hearth made all the other objects in the room distinctly visible.

“There was no other light in the apartment; a book lay on the table beside him, but its leaves were closed, and his eyes were fixed with an expression of concentrated anger upon the fire, betraying that his thoughts were not with the scene around him, but dwelt upon one, perhaps, for whom hate and scorn seemed the only feelings that could reign within his bosom. Coralie watched his countenance, and her heart beat hopelessly as she did so; for she asked herself, on whom could that look of wrath light, save on her, whom he deemed so guilty? She stirred not for a few moments; she felt she could not utter one word, while that dark and steadfast frown remained the same; but it changed not, and at length she moved slowly towards him. She had thrown back the veil, and in an instant he recognised her; with a bitter smile he pointed towards the door, and bade her begone; but the energy of purpose that had forsaken Coralie for a while returned, and it was in a firm and distinct voice that she answered him.

“Not until you have heard me,” she said, “not till you have heard me; this time, at least, you must hear me—I will not be refused. I come prepared for every reproach you can heap upon me—every falsehood which you credit, and which I must hear from your lips; but I will not shrink beneath your anger, as I once did, because overwhelmed with horror at the accusation of the guilt you imputed to me. I will not let you believe me guilty, when I am innocent; now, now I am nervous for everything! You may not believe me—I know the words of a woman, though bearing truth's impress, are but lightly esteemed, while those of her accusers are credited upon the slightest foundation. Oh! look at me,

Edward, does my brow reveal a trace of guilt? Do I shrink beneath your gaze, although you smile in seeming scorn upon me, as if I were the veriest, the most abject wretch on earth? I am not so, Edward, I am your wife, your—”

“Utter not the word again!” said he, with sudden vehemence.

“I will, I will,” she answered, “I am your wife—an injured faithful one. Think you I could so fervently protest my innocence if guilty? should I not rather shun your presence, than seek it, were I so utterly lost to all honour and truth, as you deem me to be? Edward, when I came hither I thought a thousand reasons were on my lips to convince you of the wrong you have done me; but, alas! I see how weakly I urge my cause—you are still unmoved, still pitiless; I cannot utter the words I fain would have spoken. Yes, you hold me in abhorrence; but I—I still love you—love you! my very life is yours! At this moment, even as you frown so darkly upon me, I could fall at your feet, and die for one word of love from the lips that have so often silenced the beatings of my heart, while breathless I listened to the vows which they poured forth; and, Edward, ask yourself, whether the words, the looks, which you then won from me, could be false? or the love they betrayed, so light, so capricious a feeling, as to forget its object in the space of a few months, and lavish all the deep, first-won depths of passion upon another? Edward, I know not my accusers; you have not deigned to reveal them; it matters not—they have made you believe me guilty—a snare was laid for us both, and we have both fallen into it; the bracelet, the bracelet, it is all a mystery to me—De Lallane's miniature—”

“Silence! speak not of him, if you would not urge me to frenzy,” said Edward Harolde. “Is it not enough to listen to the falsehoods you are framing, without hearing you mention one, whose name would bow you to the earth with shame, did a single right feeling yet linger in your bosom?”

“Yes, if I were as worthless as you think me; but I am not; oh! never, never have I forgot the duty I owe you. Duty! it is too cold a word to express the feeling that binds me to you—it is love—such as it lives alone in the heart of woman—all confiding, all enduring, that clings to the scorn with the same depth of affection, as it proffered in past days of happiness, of mutual passion. And could such a sentiment perish, Edward? No, no, death alone can chill it, and that will soon come to the heart that is slighted—broken. Listen to my pleadings—throw me not from you—look not so fearfully upon me, it will kill me! Have you no pity? I am not, I am not guilty!”

“And she sank on her knees beside him. Coldly and calmly he drew back some paces, and casting a withering look of scorn upon her, bade her rise, and leave the room.

“She only answered him with a burst of weeping, and quick, convulsive sobs shook her whole frame.

“Will you arise and leave me?” said Edward Harolde again.

“Edward!” cried Coralie, in a tone of piercing sorrow, and she raised her large, dark eyes, swimming in tears, to his face, with a look that thrilled to his heart; but stifling the pity it awakened, as a weakness, he answered not, and stood in unmoved silence awaiting her departure. Coralie rose hastily, and dashing away the tears that rolled down her cheeks, riveted her eyes upon him with an earnest, searching look.

“I have pleaded too long for justice,” said she; “the tale which some one has devised against me has been too easily believed, too indifferently received; I am blinded no longer. This is some stratagem to embarrass yourself of me, a late repentance of the fantasy of a moment which made me your wife; say so at once, Edward, say so at once, and I will go—no matter where, so that I am hidden from your sight, and trouble you no more. You have never loved me.”

“And she advanced close to him with the same unshrinking glance.

“As she uttered the last words, Edward Harolde,

who until then had maintained a stern composure of manner, shook with emotion, and his dark eyes, burning with intense light, were fixed on Coralie with an expression of the deepest agony.

“Not loved you!” he said, in a voice that, at first tremulous from agitation, gradually sank to the low, hollow, yet equal intonations of confirmed despair. “Oh! God! have I not loved her! Not all the expressions that love hath ever framed to speak its feelings can tell the thousandth part of the love I bore you. Not loved you! I loved you—I love you even now—now, when degraded as you are, you stand before me—when the proofs of your guilt are strong within my mind. Oh! freely would I part with life could I but know you as you once were, although the next moment might part us for ever. Not loved you! Woman, let not your lips pronounce these words again—tempt me not to madness;—fear, fear to arouse the wrath and the despair that waste my heart, and which you have placed there.”

“He was silent; Coralie bowed her head and wept.

“If it is thus,” she said; “if you have loved me—and I will not doubt you, as you have doubted me—listen to the last words which, perhaps, I may ever address to you, for within a few days I leave this stranger land, and return unto mine own. I will plead no more for mercy, save to God; He has laid this burthen of grief upon me, and trusting in His help, I will bear it patiently—it was merited! I forgot Him, the Father in Heaven, and worshipped an earthly idol, for my thoughts dwelt upon no other object, and my heart knew not bliss, save when with you. Edward, in the very love wherein I trusted for happiness, with the wild faith of youth, have I found my punishment. God hath shown me how fragile are the dearest ties on earth; that the love of the Creator should still reign superior in our bosoms to all other affections; and when it is forgot, how surely is the peace of the heart destroyed! But He is merciful—He will forgive though man will not;—His wrath will pass away, when the sorrowing child of clay turns humbly unto Him again. My fault was great, but it was not towards you, Edward. You motion me to silence—you still hold me guilty! Ah! a time will come when the words I now speak will not seem the false assertions of guilt; in after years the truth will break upon you, and you will repeat this harshness, this unbelief. God will not lay the burthen of his wrath for ever upon me. You bid me depart from your sight—you bid me never seek you more;—it shall be so—farewell! I go unto mine own land—the land from which you taught my affections and my hopes to stray; but which now, when spurned and forsaken, will receive me; while you, the one to whom my life seemed linked for ever, bid me seek another home, and cast me from your protection.”

“As the last word fell from her lips, she turned away; yet, ere she passed onwards, one lingering look of hopeless anguish was directed towards her husband; his eyes were bent steadfastly on the ground, and a tear lay upon the long dark lash. Coralie stood rooted to the spot; by degrees she moved nearer to him; but ere she approached closely, he looked up; the expression of his countenance changed; his brow was contracted, and he motioned her away: she obeyed not.

“Do you weep, Edward?” she said, “do you weep? Oh! then all pity in your heart is not dead. Edward, if ever you should know the truth—if ever you should believe me innocent—come to me again, assured of my forgiveness; for I part not in anger! the love that lives within me will never perish, never lessen. Think on my words when that time arrives; and seek me, not to ask pardon for the present and the past, but to find the love of her whom you have spurned from your bosom, faithful and enduring to the last.”

“She took the hand with which he pushed her from him, pressed it to her brow and lips, and left him.

“She was gone, and Edward Harolde leaned upon the table beside him, and burying his face in his hands, wept.”

REV. THE FAIRFAX PAPERS, &c.
Mr. Johnson's Fairfax Correspondence, &c.

[Third Notice—Conclusion.]

After Stratford, Laud, and the bishops, the judges seem to have had a narrow escape, and the writer's ulterior views coincide with these indications.

"I hear (he writes) of no order yet come into the country to restrain the daily concourse of recusants; indeed the forces they are able to make out are not much considerable, yet their consultations may conduce to the prejudice both of Church and Commonwealth. Divers of the best families of them in these parts have left their own habitations, and are come to live at York; as Tankard, Conyers, Cholmeley, and others. Methinks the Popish Rebellion in Ireland should be an apt occasion thereupon to move the King to grant the two thirds of the recusant lands in England towards maintenance of the war for suppressing them in Ireland. And that being once settled in such a course, the work would be more facile to obtain the King's consent to an Act of Parliament, that those revenues should be perpetually employed to other public and politic uses of the State; annexing provisos of restitution when the recusants shall, in such a limited time, conform themselves in religion.

The "brief of the billet money" for six months, referred to in the foregoing correspondence, is a curious document; upon which Mr. Stockdale truly observes,—

"By these particulars your lordship will perceive, that the captains have gotten much of the country moneys into their hands, which if the Lieutenant-Colonel do not cause them to repay, then order must be given to stop so much out of the captains' personal entertainment for the three months, yet resting unpaid to them; but I cannot yet set down either certain sum to the country's demands; nor to the errors of the defalcations: the next week I think we shall make it more certain; and Mr. Ingleby and I shall both join in rectifying it."

About the year 1640, the second Lord Ferdinando sided with the popular party, and in 1641 had a regiment placed under his command. The crisis advanced. Both sides prepare for the civil war, and the famous Yorkshire petition, strenuously promoted by Mr. Stockdale, leads to the explosion, while his efforts and those of his coadjutors point the electric spark to that part of the kingdom. And here it first burst into fire. He writes of the "Malignants,"—

"Now the Lord Digby's letter doth evidently discover a purpose of a commotion amongst them, which I hope the King's wisdom and goodness hath prevented. But certainly all the ill-affected in the land had some secret notion of it; for here have been many rumours of such intendments, which, when they have been searched after, they fly before the pursuer as a shadow, and at length vanish into air.

"The only botch of that disease that hath broken forth were the 200 blue ribbands at York last Tuesday, whose pretence was only against the breakers of the church windows, who took away superstitious pictures; but the rout was dispersed by the providence of the Mayor and the citizens, without any harm done."

"On Tuesday last, the ministers, churchwardens, constables, and overseers of the poor in this wapentake of Claro, (Ripon parish and liberty excepted,) came to Knaresborough and took the Protestation; and I think all men in these parts (recusants excepted) will take it; of which I shall return certificate to your lordship and Mr. Bellasis the next week, when the ministers are appointed to bring in their certificates, according to the Speaker's letter. Sir John Goodrick and Mr. Marwood were detained either by sickness or some urgent occasions; but Mr. Hopton came and assisted at that service.

"Upon the general search made by constables on

* Blue was the colour selected as a badge by the Royalists; and our present hustings' cry of "True blue will never fade," may be traced to the Royalist ballads of the Civil War. Orange was the colour similarly selected by the Parliamentary party. They did so in compliment to their Commander-in-chief, the Earl of Essex, it being the colour of his livery."

Friday last, there was neither priest nor arms found with the Papists in Claro.

"This part of the country do owe thanks to the Parliament, and more particularly to your lordship, for discovering and purging the House of such unworthy members as Benson and Derelove, who are well known to have only used religion for a cloak, and law, to oppress and deceive where they had power."

At last came the outbreak, and a MS. memorandum of its earliest exploits is one of the most interesting documents in these volumes. It is entitled "Northern Intelligence," and the following are extracts (August 22d, 1642, the royal standard was got up at Nottingham):—

"Here, his Majesty takes leave of us, and advances into the south. This opportunity stirs up certain well-affected gentlemen in this county, to promote the Militia and the execution thereof; who had good grounds therefore, as perceiving the northerly subjects did rather show their late obedience than affection to his Majesty, as also for that his Majesty's purposes were now more clearly discerned, for the invading of the liberty and property of the subject.

"But here begun the first breach: in lieu of opposing of foreigners, a regiment of Northumberland horse is permitted to pass the very length of the county; who upon intimation given that Sir Edward Rodes did affect the Militia, by commission from his Majesty, fall upon him to take his arms; and after a short defence, his barn was burnt for so doing; the horror whereof, stirred up divers good subjects, his neighbours, to advance to the quenching of this said fire. But within two days a *Quo Warranto* issues from York (from the council of war there) against them; to answer which, they are glad to plead the horror for their excuse, whereof as yet they know no acceptance.

"Shortly afterwards, this wise council had the confidence to demand the monies aforesaid, for their great care of preserving this county in peace, according to their articles of presentment. These occasion some diligence in the gentry, who by a discreet compliance presently act the militia at Rotherham and Bradford at once. To countenance which (as he declared at Snaith) came Captain Hotham from Rotherham to Scansbyles, 23 Sept., with three companies of foot, and one troop of horse from Hull; and takes possession of Doncaster. In this interim, the commissioners in Sheffield had been suitors to the nursery at Hull for officers, and begun to oppose the King's passages through their town, and deny the sheriff their arms.

"This arrival of Captain Hotham, as it put resolution and action into the hearts and hands of the well-affected, so it put jealousies and terror into the hearts of the malparty, who bestirred themselves, not so much for his Majesty's service as for their own security, to enter Pomfret; which might as easily have been done by the other party, if it had been as convenient; but they, who came to act, must not lie still in a castle. The delinquents call for assistance from York, and force in the Trained Bands, with threats of plundering, imprisonment, and death—for such was Jervase Nevile's proclamation in Wakefield Church; but they were not yet hardy enough to beat the Militia on Scansbyles; they must therefore beat it at a treaty, in a house on Rodwellhaugh, with six on a side. The six West Riding men for the Militia are circumvented, and must condescend to certain articles as wild in sense and substance, or they were to be finally forced thereto, which yet did not bear the strictness of the law in the breach thereof, as the malparty would seem to expound it. For why should the West Riding men bind the whole county, and why must Captain Hotham go back, without his own consent, or a joint force? yet these things (say they) are implied. But they, not contented herewith, must have a fling, how far they may trench upon the articles before they were finished, besides plundering in the time of treaty the ordnance found at Doncaster, which by the articles were to be left there, but the artifiers would have them to Pomfret; and to this purpose was Captain Bait and Lieutenant Horsfall sent the

very day that it was in Captain Hotham's election to go back to Hull.

"Pending this treaty, Captain Hotham marches to Selby, where meeting with the addition of two companies of foot more, with small resistance takes in the Archbishop of York's castle of Cawood, whose brave furniture suffered more impairment through the rude handling of the soldier, than it rendered profit with respect to the true value thereof. And thus were the grey-coats first made known to us, who shortly after gained the character of most exquisite plunderers.

"It is now more than time to provide against this Northern storm. Sir Christopher Wray, Captain Hotham, and Captain Hatcher, with their three troops of horse, and four companies of foot, advance towards the Bishopric of Durham—*venienti occurre morbo*. At Darnton they have the first advantage, which, by lighting upon a troop of the enemy which resisted little, gave good fleshing to their soldiers. For, besides the routing of it, it struck such a terror through the Bishopric of Durham, that itself could not be confident of its security.

"Here was the Danish Ambassador met with, whose errand might have merited a worse entertainment than a fair dismissal; but his comrade, Colonel Cochrane, escaped not so well; whose interception (to some well known) was not of the least consequence. From Darnton they proceed to Percie Brigg, a place fortified by the Bishopric forces, to make their pass by into Yorkshire. Here they fell upon their works, and not without success neither. Here was the first man of note slain on either side, since this storm begun. Colonel Thomas Howard, with . . . men of his; and not one lost, nor above three wounded, on the other side.

"But this was a hold too tenable to be forced. From hence, our friends take the courage to invite the encountering of my Lord of Newcastle, and press it as a thing feasible. Brave resolutions had need of other judgments; for, had we had forces enough to encounter them, yet had we without any coercion opened the pass to the Yorkists, to have fallen upon our best friends in the western parts of Yorkshire, which yet for the satisfaction of those who desired it, was not altogether declined; but how difficult a thing it would be to regain it, after an encounter of equal hazard, every man may safely judge.

"In this interim, the Yorkists issue upon Wetherby, (21st November,) the first attempt since they were begun, and the bravest they ever made; for had it been seconded as it was essayed, their success had been as great as their endeavours; but God would not permit it. Yet who can imagine the six cornets advancing within less than musquet shot before discovery, and sundry horse within the town before resistance, upon a garrison defended with thirty men, (for so, I dare say, no more came in play,) with such an advantage as the best intelligence could befriend them, should depart with so bad success! For, besides one captain and two common soldiers slain, they cannot brag of much they did; yet if they reckon the men spoiled by our own powder as part of their trophy, truly we must allow it them, as *causa sine qua non*; and this we can afford them for one sergeant-major, one cornet, and thirteen common soldiers; though we cannot overpraise so brave a captain as ours was. Thus they retired to York, which was not their first flight neither. I have desired to avoid all ostentation in this relation; for he, Sir Thomas Fairfax, that did the gallantest on our side, doth utterly abhor it; and yet it were a diminution to God's glory not to have the same in some measure acknowledged.

"By this time (30th November) my Lord of Newcastle conjoins with his friends at York, and now—*serpens serpentem devorans, fit draco*. It was not now for my lord's honour, who had so great an army, and so brave resolutions, to doubt of his purpose. He fairly gives it out to pass through Tadcaster the next day, to strengthen which all the forces are called away from Wetherby. Wednesday, 5th December. His Lordship could by this time be little less than 7000 strong, ready to fall upon the east side of Tad-

to have fallen upon the north-west side. The forces in garrison were about 2000 foot, besides six troop of horse, which I cannot reckon at this time for their uselessness. All business within the garrison ordered with singular judgment for this entertainment; every man knew his task, as well what to do as what he was about to do: my Lord General himself, who commanded it, saw it also performed. The salvo begun between ten and eleven in the morning amongst the musqueteers on both sides, upon our strongest platform, (which yet was not fully perfected,) being to the east; shortly after, their culverin played upon certain reserves placed near the church. The red regiment of the enemy came on resolutely; and this became them who were the life-guard and choicest men. Their black, which should have seconded them, were so galled by our drakes, as they durst not approach fairly; yet, by the help of some houses which they found near the works, they did much annoyance. To beat them out thereof was our greatest labour, and not the least difficulty; for it could not be effected without tiring of them. By this means they fell soon upon the bridge, (I mean that flank which lay to the south-east;) the other was open, yet too well guarded with our ordnance upon the bridge, and a company of grey coats. This was the least attempted; but when they found themselves so strongly opposed to the river, they betake themselves to the High Street, and here was the evening work, but for a flourish, to sever their retreat. Night may be said now to draw them off. For a mile they retreat; but we, not so satisfied, (whose spirit attended our curiosity,) sent out a troop to discover what was become of our enemy. Half a mile off was sent some parties to recover their dead bodies, who gave fire, but bided not by it. We by this means could get an account of twenty at the least, slain on the enemy's part; although some of them would pawn their credits for eight only; but these were such as fell into our hands afterwards by dint of sword, and not of honesty.

"But it has been their principal art hitherto to cover their losses with glosses, and, like the sons of Kinton, protest the loss on their adversaries, against the known truth. Nay, they had the confidence, within two days after, to send us a list of nineteen prisoners, (if so many,) for twelve were only retained, taken in their beds, to exchange for as many taken in the field. I dare almost pawn my faith, (which is not faction, nor my religion rebellion,) that we had not eight killed outright, whereof one (three days before) had the title of colonel conferred on him, nor thrice so many by them wounded. Whereas if a cornet of theirs say true, there were seven laden carts of wounded bodies sent the next day into York; nor could they, nor we, well number the bodies of those who were wounded, and could not be recovered out of the fired houses.

"The next morning, (6th December,) by two of the clock, we struck up our drums to quit the place, which we had very good cause to do.

"Within a week, it was resolved that our enemies must not pass unsaluted. An alarm was as little as we could afford them, which was to be done at Sherburn; at which time (Wednesday, 17th December) the town was entered with more facility than could afterwards be credited. For who can believe that so many horse (where 800 lay quartered) could enter a well-guarded barricado as should drive all the horse there out of their quarters, through the town, and more than out at the town's ends towards Pomfret? Here they that were the forwardest on the enemy's part failed the worst; the rest, no doubt, touched with guilt in so bad a cause, durst not look innocence in the face. Here did our common soldiers, with horse, arms, and prisoners, so furnish themselves, as if they had been at a free mart for choice.

"The success of this business, next to God Almighty, is to be ascribed to Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had the conduct thereof, and brought along with him two great officers, Sir William Liddall, a sergeant-major of horse, and Mr. Wyndham, a commissary-general of the army. Far more prisoners

than they did had they brought along, had not the common soldiers been so intent upon pillage. The loss of men on both sides (God still assisting His own cause) still held the like proportion with the former, fifteen for two of ours, which was all the prisoners the enemy had to brag of. Nor could this be said to be done upon the flag end of their army, they still holding a quarter at Tadcaster, being four miles rearward.

"If this work be of men it will come to naught, (Acts v.) Natural man is more convinced by example than by reason. Gamaliel (in that place) is forced to make use of his instances. He that will talk with a plain man must use his language; that's his philosophy; he minds not the causes, but the event of things.

"Now, be he what he will, and let him judge whether this be of God or man: and who knows but that he hath brought these great forces to be delivered into our hands? Amen."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

[We have received the following copy of an official letter addressed to Admiral Sir Wm. Hall Gage, G. C. H., the Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, respecting the appearance of "The Great Sea Serpent," through the kindness of Captain Hamilton, the Secretary of the Admiralty.—Ed. L. G.]

H. M. S. Dædalus,
Hamoaze, 11th October, 1848.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of this day's date, requiring information as to the truth of a statement published in the *Globe* newspaper, of a sea serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from H. M. S. Dædalus, under my command, on her passage from the East Indies, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at five o'clock, P.M., on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24° 44' S., and longitude 92° 23' E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the NW., with a long ocean swell from the SW., the ship on the port tack, heading NE. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam; the circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom, and Mr. William Barrett, the master, I was at the time walking the quarter-deck; the ship's company were at supper.

On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and, as nearly as we could approximate, by comparing it with the length of what our main-top-sail-yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60 feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognised his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship, or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the SW., which it held on at the pace of from 13 to 15 miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose. The diameter of the serpent was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head, which was without any doubt that of a snake, and never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water. Its colour a dark brown, with yellowish-white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed washed about its back. It was seen by the quarter-master, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and officers above-named.

I am having a drawing of this serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's post.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) P. McQUHAN, Captain.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(Letters from Sir James C. Ross.)

[The intense interest felt by the public in this expedition is evinced by the avidity with which every scrap of intelligence relating to its onward movement is sought and received. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we add to the accounts we have already given, all that portion of a letter from the Commander, Sir J. C. Ross, which describes his voyage to the latest date, and states the condition of the ice and weather on which he founds his expectations of farther progress. Though this may be depended upon as authentic and from the best authority, we will subjoin the other floating matters which have found their way into print on the subject, and beg to correct the error in our last paragraph, copied (inattentively) from *The Times*, in which the Investigator instead of the *Enterprise*, was named as Sir James Ross's ship.—Ed. L. G.]

H. M. S. *Enterprise*,
Lat. 71° 6', long. 56°
2nd July, 1848.

We arrived at Whale Islands on the 22nd June, after a pleasant and unusually favourable voyage; and, finding we were in very good time, I devoted a week to refitting our ships, refreshing our crews, and making observations. The officers and crews were allowed boats, guns, and ammunition, and greatly enjoyed themselves, first in shooting, and then eating the Eider ducks, which we found here in plenty, and obtained many of their delicious eggs. The beautiful weather and few days' relaxation were beneficial to every one, and the cheerfulness and fun proved the good spirits of all. The Danish people, we found, had all gone to the southward, so that we could not obtain any information respecting the state of the ice to the northward from them; but the natives informed us that the winter had been unusually severe, and that they had all suffered greatly from hunger—the large quantities of ice which had come down from Baffin's Bay preventing their hunters pursuing the seals in their canoes.

I rather think, and, of course, hope, that this circumstance of so much ice coming down from the northward may prove of advantage to us, by clearing the heavy ice out of the Bay; and the appearances of the sea and sky since we have left Whale Islands, induce me to believe that the present season will not prove unfavourable to navigation, although a strong blink in the sky to the westward proves that the main pack is not far distant in that direction, so that we shall be obliged to go to the northward to round the north end of it, before we can stretch across to Lancaster Sound.

Our ships have thus far done their duty well; and, I have no doubt, will prove not only fully equal to their work, but much better adapted to it than any we have had before.

We sailed on 30th June, with a fine, fair breeze, and although it fell light soon afterwards, we have run (2nd July) above a hundred and twenty miles without meeting any obstruction, but passing a number of magnificent ice-burys, some aground, others floating away to the southward.

I do not expect to meet the whalers until we arrive at Sanderson's Hope, lat. 72½°, from which point it is not improbable we may be able to cross direct to Lancaster Sound, as we did in Parry's first voyage. We are fourteen days ahead of him on that voyage, and a month before him on his third voyage, as well as a fortnight before the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

H. M. S. *Enterprise*, 13th July,
Uppernavik, lat. 72½° N., lon. 56° W.

We arrived here on the 7th inst., and I should have remained a few days longer, but last night a strong gale came on from the southward, and has this morning brought so heavy a sea into the harbour, that I think we shall be obliged to get off to sea as soon as we can.

The whalers' accounts are not so favourable as I expected; but they have given up the attempt to cross to the west land at a very early period of the season.

This strong southerly gale will have produced a very beneficial effect on the ice to the northward, and I have no doubt of being able to get along famously. There are only two whale ships to the north of us; and by one of these (if I do not come

"Christened.—Males, 164; females, 157. In all, 321.

"Buried.—Males, 190; females, 196. In all, 386.

"Decrease of the burials this week, 29.

"Found dead in a pond at St. James at Clerkenwell, 1; hang'd himself (being Lunatick) at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1.

"Aged, 34; convulsion, 106; fever, 47; small-pox, 14."

The journals are, *The Daily Courant*, *The Daily Post*, *The St. James's Post*, *The Post-Man*, and *The Post-Boy*, all single leaves—the largest about fifteen inches by seven, double columns, and about as much matter in them all as would fill one page of a modern morning newspaper.

PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS.

OCTOBER.

The hog never looks up to him that threshes down the corn.

Set-Tuesday. (The first Tuesday after the 27th of October.)

Early sow, early mow. (If snow fall on the 20th of this month it is considered early. During a snow storm it is customary to hear the following puerile remark,

"They are plowing their geese in Scotland, and sending their feathers here.")

Red brackens bring milk and butter. (In this month the bracken or fern on the hill-pastures becomes red with the first frosty night; and about that time the autumnal herbage is very rich, and productive of the good things in question.)

To whatever quarter a bull faces in lying down on All-Hallow-Even, from thence the wind will blow the greatest part of winter.

On the twenty-fifth of October

There's never a cobbler sober. Note.—Be it observed that the 25th day of October is the day of SS. Crispin and Crispianus.—*Varia.*

On the twenty-fifth of October,

More snobs drunk than sober.

On St. Luke's day,

Let the top have his play.

If you fruit would have,

You must bring the leaf to the grave. "That is, you must transplant your trees just about the fall of the leaf, neither sooner nor much later; not sooner, because of the motion of the sap, nor later, that they may have time to take root before the deep frosts."—*Ray.*

On St. Luke's day,

The oxen may play.

Who soweth in rain

Hath wood for his paln.

"WARRE AND WARRE" as the Parrot said to the Yorkshireman.

A story is told how once upon a time, an honest Northern

role into the yard of a hostelry, somewhere in the "sweet

sooth," and vociferated at the full extent of his stentorian

voice, "Hostler, wastler!" Now it happened that a parrot,

which hung in the court-yard of this neglected mansion of

olden time, not being so well acquainted with the dialectic

linguistics of Britain as a few "ryghte lerned" and unfettered

birds which I could readily name, mistook the poor country-

man for a native of the land o' cakes, and said to himself,

in a voice sufficiently loud, though, to be heard by the new-

come guest, "Proud Scot! proud Scot!" The traveller

considering himself grossly insulted by the parrot, cast his

eyes up at Poll, and retorted with, "Thou'ast a d—d leaser,

for I'm a Yorkshireman." "Worse! and worse!" quoth

the parrot, and so the dialogue ended, to the great chagrin

of the "honest Yorkshire-bite."

M. A. D.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Earl of Carlisle.—We record with sincere

regret the death of this accomplished nobleman,

whose refined tastes and literary acquirements made

him a bright ornament to the peerage of England.

The noble earl had retired from London life for ten

or twelve years, and died at Castle Howard, the

splendid possessor of treasures of art, and precious

articles of antiquarian interest and admirable vertu.

He suffered severely from gout, and was unable to

enjoy society beyond the immediate circle of his

family and most intimate friends; for whom his placid

endurance of acute pain, and unlabile bearing in the

midst of suffering, presented an example worthy

of the complete gentleman, the philosopher, and

Christian. Lord Carlisle was a man to be beloved

by those near to him, and endeared to all who

had the happiness to know him. Throughout life,

though differing from Mr. Canning on political points,

they were intimate and cordial friends. Lord Byron's

feud against his estimable relative, founded on a

hasty misapprehension of his refusing to introduce

him to take his seat in the House of Lords, (which

according to etiquette and custom an earl cannot

do for a baron,) is a literary notoriety, and was, hap-

pily for Lord Byron, effaced when his gallant cousin

fell at Waterloo.

The house of Howard is of hereditary worth in

literature. The late lord cultivated it with ample

success, and was gifted with every quality to appre-

ciate its resources, and enjoy all the delights it offers

to the intellectual and cultivated mind. His father

was a poet, author of the "Revenge" and the "Step-

mother" tragedies, and of many minor poetical produc-

tions. His son, Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle,

has shown himself to be a rightful scion of this an-

cient and exalted stock; and we confidently anti-

cipitate that his future career will raise him yet higher

in the rolls of his country as a statesman and legis-

lator, and still more as a man of letters, and the

warm friend of all who distinguish themselves in

similar pursuits.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—Mr. Bunn opened his doors to

the public on Monday, with Mr. Wallace's opera of

Marianna, and with the sister of the composer in the

principal part. Miss Wallace was evidently labouring

under great nervousness, which was probably in-

creased by the knowledge that injudicious friends had

endeavoured to create too favourable an impression

of the success she was to achieve, and that the pub-

lic had thus been led to expect much more than she

was prepared to, or capable of doing; her debut was,

consequently, a comparative failure. Her voice is a

soprano, somewhat defective in the higher tones, but

of good compass and quality, and when kept under

her own control, must be very sweet and flexible.

It would be unfair to give a decided opinion upon

her performance of *Marianna*. Another young lady

débütante, Miss Nelson, in the part of the page,

Lazarillo, was more successful, for though very timid,

as she might naturally be on "her first appearance on

any stage," she both acted and sang with great ex-

pression, and her reception was all that could be de-

sired. The male parts were sustained by their

original representatives, Messrs. Borani, Harrison,

and H. Phillips. A gorgeous ballet, put upon the

stage with that appearance of lavish expenditure for

which the manager is so well known, and called *The*

Amazons, was also brought out. Having a story to

sustain it of some interest, and being full of march-

ings, counter-marchings, effective groupings, and

some capital dancing, its success was complete. It

is a very showy affair, and in many instances the

scenic delusion is very perfect. The principal

action of the ballet is supported by Mlle. Plunkett,

already a favourite danseuse, and M. Petipa.

On Wednesday, Mr. Balfe's *Bondman*, with several

first appearances, was the opera, but we must hear

these gentlemen again before we pronounce our

judgment upon their capabilities.

Adelphi.—On Monday, Lover's drama of the

White Horse of the Peppers, transplanted to the

Adelphi from the Haymarket, was played here for

the first time, and afforded another opportunity to

Mr. Hudson to make another impression, as favour-

able as that he produced in the part of *Rory O'More*

in the previous week. The other characters were

generally very fairly sustained, some of them by their

original Haymarket representatives, and the whole

piece went as successfully as almost all Adelphi

pieces do.

Sadler's Wells.—With considerable curtailment,

changes of division in the acts, and other important

alterations, Beaumont and Fletcher's best and most

popular comedy, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, was

brought out at this theatre on Wednesday evening,

with all that nice attention to details, only known to

and appreciated by those "behind the scenes," which

has so highly characterized the management of

Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps in the production of

their revivals of the works of the older dramatists,

and the restoration of Shakspeare to his own text.

In this comedy the characters are individualized with

much tact, and the dialogue is throughout pointed

and harmonious, the serious portions delivered by

Leon being well contrasted with the ludicrous assigned

to *Perez*. At Sadler's Wells the alterations that have

been made in the original text are numerous, many

of them unavoidable, and some great improvements

upon the work as an acting play. The chief char-

acters are thus sustained—*Leon*, Mr. Phelps, *The*

Duke, Mr. Mellon, *Perez*, Mr. Hoskins, *Margaritta*,

Miss Huddart, *Estifania*, Miss Cooper, and *The Old*

Woman, Mr. Scharf. Mr. Phelps has made a good

study of *Leon*, and displayed the discrimination of an

artist in his development of the two phases of the

character, which he rendered throughout with great

effect. Mr. Mellon spoke *The Duke* most justly,

and Mr. Hoskins, evidently liking the part, enacted

Michael Perez, the copper-copper captain, with a

good deal of genuine humour; it was a clever per-

formance on the first night, and will improve as he

becomes more habituated to it. Miss Huddart and

Miss Cooper, as the wives "so strangely wed," played

with much spirit, and the remark we have made with

respect to Mr. Hoskins' *Perez*, is equally applicable

to the *Estifania* of Miss Cooper; it will grow better

as it grows older. *The Old Woman* of Mr. Scharf

was the stage conventionality of all time, and must

therefore pass, but Mr. Scharf ought to form a higher

estimate of his abilities than to follow such base ex-

amples. We think he can give an original reading to

a part, and if he will only try to do so we will answer

for the result. Having noticed the principal features,

we have only to add, that the comedy plays about a

couple of hours, therefore that the interest has not

time to flag, and consequently that *Rule a Wife* and

Have a Wife is likely to become a stock piece at

"The Wells."

VARIETIES.

Portrait of Sir Moses Montefiore.—An admirable

portrait, painted by S. A. Hart, representing this

philanthropist in the robes of a deputy-lieutenant,

and in the act of delivering a petition of the Jews to

the Sultan at Constantinople, on his return from his

memorable mission to Damascus, was, by order of

the authorities of the Spanish and Portuguese syna-

gogue, Bevis Marks, placed in the vestry-room of the

above synagogue three weeks ago, on the occasion

of his being elected warden for the ensuing year.

Railroad Literature.—Messrs. Smith and Son,

among the most enterprising of all newspaper and

literary agents, have rented all the stations on the

London and North-Western Railway, for the sale of

books and periodicals, at the rate of 1500*l.* per

annum. They commence next month. Another party

offered 600*l.* a year for the Euston station alone.

The Messrs. Distin's Concert, at Drury Lane, on

Monday, was very fully attended; and the varied and

extensive programme left no taste an excuse for being

dissatisfied. The principal feature of the evening

was, of course, the performance of the father and

sons on the sax horns, tubas, and trumpets; but

there was plenty of variety, and the concert, with

the exception of being a little too long, was a very

agreeable one.

Cholera.—We rejoice to perceive from the medical

reports, that though a few cases of cholera have oc-

curred at Hull, Edinburgh, Woolwich, and in

London, the pestilence makes no way, and the fine

weather appears to be extinguishing it entirely; ex-

cept it may be in vessels from foreign parts where it

has not yet ceased.

Sculpture and Drawing in Wales.—The Cymreig-

dion have offered, amongst the prizes to be awarded at

the next Eisteddfod, a premium of seventy guineas for

the best model in plaster, illustrative of the Cambro-

British history, from either of the following subjects:

1. The escape of Gruffydd ap. Cynan, from

Chester, borne by Cynffig Hir; 2. Blegwryd, Arch-

deacon of Llandaff, sitting with Hywel Dda and his Counsellors at Ty Gwyn ar Daf, preparing the code of laws known as 'Cyfeithiau Hywel Dda'; 3. The Death of Tewdric, King of Gwent, in the moment of victory over the Saxons at Mathern on the Wye; 4. Ifor Bach, after storming Castell Coch, leading Robert Consul, and other Norman prisoners, to his mountain fortress, Castell Coch. This is the first prize, we are informed, ever offered by an institution of this character for encouragement of native artists in sculpture. A prize of ten guineas is offered "for the best cartoon of the subject of Brân Fendigaid (the blessed) introducing Christianity into Britain, accompanied by Ildid Sant, who preached the Gospel to the men of Glamorgan; Druids standing by the side of a Cromlech frowning at the new doctrine; the old king wearing the aurdorch and talaith."—*Builder*.

New Houses of Parliament.—A facile means of hastening the completion of these works has been resorted to by the adoption of Parian cement, a recent discovery. Unlike other plasters, this is better for painting over in less than twenty hours. Its crystallization is likewise so complete that cubes of a large size may be seen at the factory at Nine Elms, which, although painted upon on all sides shortly after their formation, have not exuded the slightest moisture. It will mix with oil or water, and as it does not set for four or five hours, it can be worked to any desired end; but so soon as it does set, it rapidly becomes consistent, and assumes the hardness and closeness of, and will take as high a polish as, marble. It differs from scagliola, inasmuch as the most delicate colours blend into each other without any piecework, and it is not unlikely to take a high position in domestic architecture. From the absence of all free acids, glass and other expensive tools are not requisite, nor need the upholsterer fear his delicate paper-hangings will suffer from a similar cause. Although this cement is of little more cost than the ordinary plasters, it is a considerably more economical one, when the saving of time, its check to rising moisture, its great beauty, and enduring nature, are taken into account. In inlaid floorings, and the minute purposes of utility and ornament, it possesses its peculiar qualities—it does not swell, warp, or shrink while in the course of induration.

Mr. Macready: Mr. Lover.—It is with infinite gratification that we have to notice the safe arrival of this gentleman in America. A rumour of his death on board the vessel in which he sailed from Liverpool was very thoughtlessly spread abroad, and gave great alarm and pain, not only to those related to him by ties of blood and friendship, but to the public at large, to whom his eminent talents and noble efforts in the cause of the drama have endeared him. With pleasure we add, that the same day which saw him safely in New York, witnessed the departure from it of Mr. Lover, on his return home, after an absence of more than two years, during which he has delighted every part of America with his varied talents—poet, dramatist, musical composer, novelist, admirable delineator of Irish character in print or *visâ voce*. Now we have him again amongst us, we trust we may expect the fruits of his sojourn in the New World in a literary shape, more permanent than personal illustration. We know no pen more competent to afford us a lively and novel view of the States, than that which has already yielded so much popularity to the name of Samuel Lover.

The Friesland Dwarf, now exhibiting, entitled "Admiral Von Tromp," as his great-small precursor was exalted to military rank as "General Tom Thumb," is, if a second card of the same sort can be as successfully played as the first, quite as attractive an object for public curiosity. He is a well-made miniature Dutchman, between nine and ten years old, who has not developed in growth since he was five years of age. He is twenty-eight inches high, and weighs sixteen pounds, which he has never exceeded. He is perfectly formed, with nothing disagreeable in appearance either of person or countenance. He seems to be docile and good-humoured, and is, we are informed, intelligent, and fond of

mechanical arts, in which he occasionally employs himself in a manner suited to his condition. It is stated, that at his birth he weighed nine pounds, (a healthy, well-proportioned child;) when six months old, he was twelve pounds; and since then has only increased four pounds more. We do not know why his parents weighed him so carefully in his babyhood. Are there methods of stinting growth and making dwarfs? At any rate, Jan Hanema, the Small Pensionary of Holland, for the King has pensioned him,) is a rare homunculus, and well deserves to be seen and remembered along with the Hudsons, (not the Rail-King, but Sir Jeffrey,) the Boralowskis, the Crachanis, and the Thumbs who have illustrated dwarfism, as natives or shows, within the British empire.

Sale at Stowe.—The forty days' sale of wines, pictures, plate, furniture, &c., at this splendid mansion amounted to the sum of 75,494l. 10s. 2d.

St. Edmund's Oak in Hoxne Wood, Suffolk, the *Ipswich Express* tells us, has fallen. Under it the saint has been by tradition affirmed to have been martyred, by being shot with arrows, and thence the name. The same authority adds:—"The trunk of this tree was only twelve feet in height up to its separation into branches, but measured five feet in diameter, and contained six and a half loads of timber, and the arms yielded about nine loads more, besides 184 faggots. But the most marvellous part of the story is, that in the inside of the trunk an iron point, having the appearance of an arrowhead, was found by Mr. Smythies, the agent of Sir Edward Kerrison, the proprietor, at the depth of a foot within the bark, and about five feet from the ground, which it is conjectured may have been lodged there at the murder of King Edmund, and ceased by the subsequent growth of the tree."

The Surrey Theatre.—During the last three days, the scenery, dresses, furniture, and fittings of the Surrey Theatre have been sold by auction.

Twenty-three o'clock.—Mr. J. A. Novello has printed a circular, in which he advocates the adoption, in England, of the Italian method of counting the 24 hours—viz. from 1 to 24, instead of our division into two twelves, as at present. If the post-office and railways would take this course, he thinks it would immediately become universal. There is certainly much to be said in favour of this simple plan; which would get rid of "mornings," "afternoons," "noons," "evenings," "A.M.'s," and "P.M.'s;" but we fancy John Bull is too tenacious of established customs to change his hours upon any consideration. A convivial fellow who, on his return home, boasting to his wife of the early time, "Only half-past eleven," would be horrified at the sound, "My dear, how late you are, it is twenty-three and a half o'clock!"

QUERY FOR QUIETUDE.

That serious joyful countenance; that look
Which gives not up love's secret, nor doth hide;
That air of dignity, distinct from pride;
That brow, though silent, eloquent as a book—
Have taught me that thy pure soul—like a brook
Fed from an equal source whose waters glide
Still quietly, unused to brawl or chide,
Abides contented in its own sweet nook—
So be it; and may never rain or wind
With many tears and storms, nor crumbling stone,
Shake the fair mansion of thy heaven-like mind:—
But oh! what evil were it though of One,
Whose love elsewhere can ne'er its likeness find,
The fixed image there reflected shone?—

Q.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—Notice against the spurious Imitations of *Morison's Pills—the Vegetable Universal Medicine*.—Whereas Messrs. MORISON, of the British College of Health, New Road, London, have ascertained that unprincipled persons are going about the country offering for sale in chemists' shops, Pills which they style "Vegetable Pills," or "Vegetable Universal Medicine," and which they pretend are the same as MORISON'S.—Know therefore all men by these presents, that none are Genuine unless the words, "MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE," be engraved in the Government Stamp, in white letters on a red ground, to counterfeit which is Felony.—The British College of Health and Society of Hygienists have no connexion whatever with any Pill or Medicine except Mr. MORISON'S.—Dated at the British College of Health, New Road, London, this 10th day of October, 1848.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Agassiz and Gould's Principles of Geology, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Butler's Analogy, 12mo, seventh edition, cloth, 4s.
Bentley's Cabinet Library, Part I, Clockmaker, First Series, 2s. 6d.
Brookley's (J.) Elements of Meteorology, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Bryan's (E.) What I Saw in California, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Blacklock on Sheep, eleventh thousand, 18mo, cloth, 3s.
Bailow's (A.) Christian Non-resistance illustrated and defended, 18mo, cloth, 1s.
Bromley's Pupil Teacher's English Grammar, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Bowman's (J. E.) Introduction to Practical Chemistry, 12mo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
Boerhaave's (J.) Observations on Hospital Gangrene, 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Conspiracy of the Jesuits, by the Abbate Leone, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Coleridge's (S. T.) Hints on the formation of a more comprehensive Theory of Life, edited by B. Watson, post 8vo, cloth, 4s.
Drew's (J.) Manual of Astronomy, new edition, 7s. 6d.
Donaldson's (Rev. W.) Complete Greek Grammar, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Dransfield's (Rev. W.) Morning and Evening Prayers, post 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
Dickson's (S. M.) Revelations on Cholera, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Forbes' Principles of Gaelic Grammar, 12mo, cloth, second edition, 2s. 6d.
Glen's (W. C.) Nuisance Removal Act, 12mo, sewed, 2s.
Gray (J.) on Femoral Rupture, its Anatomy, Pathology, and Surgery, 4to, cloth, 15s.
Herschell's (Mrs.) Child's Help to Self-Examination, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Hedge's (H.) Prose Writers of Germany, 8vo, cloth, £1 4s.
Hills (Rev. P. G.) Fifty Days on board a Slave Ship, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Kirke's (W. S.) Hand-book of Physiology, 12mo, cloth, 12s. 6d.
Kleppstein's (L. F.) Study of Modern Languages, Part I, 4to, cloth, 6s. 6d.
Lindon's (C.) Voice of Ida; a Tale, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
L'Anima Amante; or the Soul-loving God, from the Italian of the Rev. J. B. Pagan, foolscap, cloth, 3s.
Modern Orator; Sheridan, royal 8vo, cloth, third edition, 4s. 6d.
Maxwell's (J. S.) The Caar; his Court and People, post 8vo, cloth, 8s.
Mitchell's (O. M.) Planetary Stellar World, 12mo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Magoon's (E. L.) Orators of the American Revolution, 18mo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Neill and Smith's Compendium of Medical Science, post 8vo, cloth, 18s.
Parley's Annual, 1849, square, cloth, 5s.
Peters' (Wm.) Poets and Poetry of the Ancients, £1 1s.
Rowe's (S.) Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor, 8vo, cloth, £1.
Reld's Introductory Atlas, 4to, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Sargant's (F. W.) Minor Surgery, post 8vo, cloth, 3s.
Smith's (W.) Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, 8vo, cloth, new edition, £2 2s.
Sharpe's London Magazine, vol. 7, Imperial 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Simeon's Memoir, edited by Carus, third edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Students' Clinical Memorandum Book, oblong, 4s.
Turner's (D.) Sepulchral Reminiscences of the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, 6s.
Twilight Thoughts, 18mo, cloth, 3s.
Wilberforce's (Bp.) American Church, second edition, fcp, cloth, 6s.
Warren's (S.) Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attornies, 12mo, cloth, 9s.
Ward's (Mrs.) Five Years in Kafirland, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, second edition, £1 1s.
Xenophon's Anabasis, Books 1 and 2, by Ferguson, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An aged Clergyman is perhaps a little too strict and apprehensive in his objection to the passages quoted from *The Vack's Voyage*. There may be some slipperiness in them; but they seem hardly to deserve a more severe censure. We however thank our correspondent for reminding us how free from blemish the *Literary Gazette* has ever been in its morals or religion were the subject; and he may be assured that we need no admonition to steer clear of indecency or irreverence.

THEATRE
M. JULI
to announce the
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Full particulars

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To this Address

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—
M. JULIEN'S CONCERTS.—M. JULIEN has the honour
to announce that his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will com-
mence on FRIDAY, November 1st, 1848.
Full particulars will be duly announced.

WALHALLA SALLE DE VALENTINO,
LEICESTER SQUARE.—This magnificent SALON, de-
signed by the press as the plus ultra of elegance, is OPEN
every Evening, with Herr Redi's celebrated Band of 50 performers.
The lighting, ventilation, and the whole of the decorations and
appointments are the theme of admiration from the crowds that
nightly honour the establishment with their presence. The Lessee
respectfully invites all lovers of Dancing to this delightful Temple.
The floor possesses that elasticity so desirable yet so seldom attained
in rooms of this description. First masters of the ceremonies in full
costume regulate the dancing. Refreshments supplied by Mr. Wolf,
of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Doors open at a quarter-past 8.
Dancing to commence at half-past 8, and to conclude at half-past 11.
Admission 1s.

SOCIETY for the DISCHARGE and RELIEF
of PERSONS IMPRISONED for SMALL DEBTS throughout
ENGLAND and WALES. Established 1773.

President.—THE EARL OF ROXBOROUGH.

Treasurer.—Lord Kenyon; Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart., M.P.
Attorneys.—Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.
Auditors.—John Peppercorn, Esq., and Capel Cure, Esq.

At a MEETING of GOVERNORS, held in Craven Street, on Wed-
nesday, the 4th day of October, 1848, the cases of 30 Petitioners were
considered, of which 26 were approved, 3 rejected, and 1 deferred for
further inquiry.

Since the Meeting held on the 2nd of August, NINETEEN
DEBTORS, of whom 14 had Wives and 33 Children, have been Dis-
charged from the Prisons of England and Wales; the expense of
their liberation, including every charge connected with the Society,
was £165 4s. 2d.; and the following are the names of the debtors:

JOHN JONES, Esq., £14 0 0
William Gaultier, Esq., per Messrs. Coombs and Co., £1 10 0
Benefactions are received by Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., the
Treasurer, No. 1, Brick Court, Temple; also by the following Bankers:
Messrs. Coombs, Curries, Drummonds, Herries, Hoares, Vases; and by
the Secretary, No. 7, Craven Street, Strand, where the books may be
seen by those who are inclined to support the Charity, and where the
Society meet on the first Wednesday in every month.

JOSEPH LUNN, Secretary.

THE VERNON GALLERY.

The following Address has been presented to
ROBERT VERNON, Esq., by the Artists who have been
employed at his House, in Pall Mall, making the Copies and En-
gravings from the VERNON GALLERY, for the purpose of publication
in the ART-JOURNAL.

"TO ROBERT VERNON, Esq.,

"Sir,—We, the undersigned Artists, having been for several
months past engaged in copying and engraving, for the purpose of
publication in the ART-JOURNAL, many of the admirable Pictures
collected by your taste and judgment, which are now, by an act of
sole munificence on your part, become the property of the British
Nation,—big permission, before leaving your residence, to express
our grateful acknowledgments for the kind accommodation we have
received whilst occupied at your house."

"We ardently hope that the unparalleled generosity displayed by
you in presenting your collection of Pictures to the country, may
stimulate other gentlemen to follow your example, whereby national
talent may be fostered and advanced, and it shall become a dis-
tinguished honour to be classed amongst its Professors,—British Art
be the admiration and envy of the world,—and your name regarded
as the foundation-stone of the structure."

"With the most earnest wishes for the speedy and permanent
restoration of your health, we subscribe ourselves,

"Sir, your obliged humble servants,

"JOHN WILKINSON ARCHER, Esq.
J. C. BENTLEY, Esq.
H. S. BUCKWOLD, Esq.
BENJAMIN CHALLIS, Esq.
JAMES CANTON, Esq.
JOHN COLEMAN, Esq.
ALEX. FUSSELL, Esq.
W. R. FINE, Esq.
W. HENRY MOYER, Esq.
T. A. PRIOR, Esq.
ROBERT STAINES, Esq.
W. FAIRBANKS, Esq.
J. H. SHARP, Esq.
MARY ANN SHARP, Esq.
L. STOKES, Esq.
CHAS. W. SHARP, Esq.
ROBT. WALLIS, Esq.
JAS. T. WILLMOORE, Esq.
E. R. WHITFIELD, Esq.
R. WILKINSON, Esq.
RICH. WOODMAN, Esq.
CHAS. H. WOODMAN, Esq.
HENRY GEORGE HINE, Esq.
J. FUSSELL, Esq."

"Oct. 4, 1848."
To this Address, Mr. VERNON transmitted the following reply:

"Gentlemen,—I have received with great pleasure the Address
you have presented to me on the occasion of the removal of the
Vernon Collection of Pictures from my house to the rooms pre-
pared for them at the National Gallery."

"It is very gratifying to me to be assured by you that the accom-
modation my house has afforded has enabled you to carry on your
most arduous and important work with convenience and facility."

"I am exceedingly glad that an opportunity has already been
seized of inspecting the proofs which have been taken from the
Engravings now finished.—They appear to me to be most beautifully
executed, and I trust that when published in the ART-JOURNAL they
will be appreciated by the Public, and by their diffusion at so moder-
ate a cost, improve and increase the taste for the productions of our
native Artists."

"I have already expressed to the proper Authorities my anxious
hope that every accommodation may be afforded you at the National
Gallery consistent with the public convenience, and I have now only
to wish you happiness and success in your present and future labours."

"I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient humble servant, Robert Vernon."

"To Messrs. ARCHER, BENTLEY, MOYER, and others
who signed the Address."

**THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' AND
GENERAL FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,**
Adelaide Place, London Bridge; 23, Thistle Street, Edinburgh; Great
Bridgewater Street, Manchester; Waugh's Buildings, and 2, Back
Gore, Liverpool. Empowered by Act of Parliament.

The Company transact business in every department of Life and
Fire Assurance, in Annuities, Reversions, and Loans.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Actuary—J. T. Clement, Esq.

At the last quinquennial meeting there was added a bonus to the
life policies equal to 25 per cent. on the sums paid, and a bonus of
4 per cent. to the shares, in addition to the payment of the annual
interest.

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